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*To Miss Mary Gue with kind
regards from S. C. March 9. 1857*

DEAR ANNIE.

A Brief Memorial

OF

ANNA MARIA DRUMMOND WALSH,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE JANUARY 31st, 1855,

AGED 22.

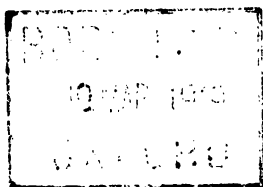
"ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED."

SECOND EDITION.

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1856.

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In the deeply cherished Memory
OF
ANNA MARIA WALSH,

THE PIOUS, THE PURE, THE LOWLY-MINDED,
EMINENTLY GRACED
WITH CHASTE TALENT AND ARDOUR IN STUDY,
(VEILED, NEVERTHELESS, BY HER MODESTY:)
THE DELIGHT OF HER HOME AND ITS INMATES,
A FAVOURITE
WITH ALL OF EVERY RANK,
AS ONE, WHO, CARING LEAST TO PLEASE HERSELF,
LOVED AND SERVED WITH HOLY AFFECTION
GOD IN CHRIST FIRST, AND, NEXT TO HIM, HER NEIGHBOUR.
HER READY GOOD-WILL TOWARD ALL
GLOWED WITH SURPASSING WARMTH
UPON THE POOR OF CHRIST'S FLOCK,
ESPECIALLY THE YOUNG,
ON WHOSE INSTRUCTION AND RELIEF
IT WAS HER HABIT TO EMPLOY
HER THOUGHT AND TOIL, INTENSELY.
IT EVIDENCED
THE ARTLESS SIMPLICITY OF HER MIND,
THAT HER INTEREST IN BOTANICAL PURSUITS
WAS MARKED BY A FOND CLEAVING TO FLOWERS,
AS TO COMPANIONS NEAR AND DEAR.

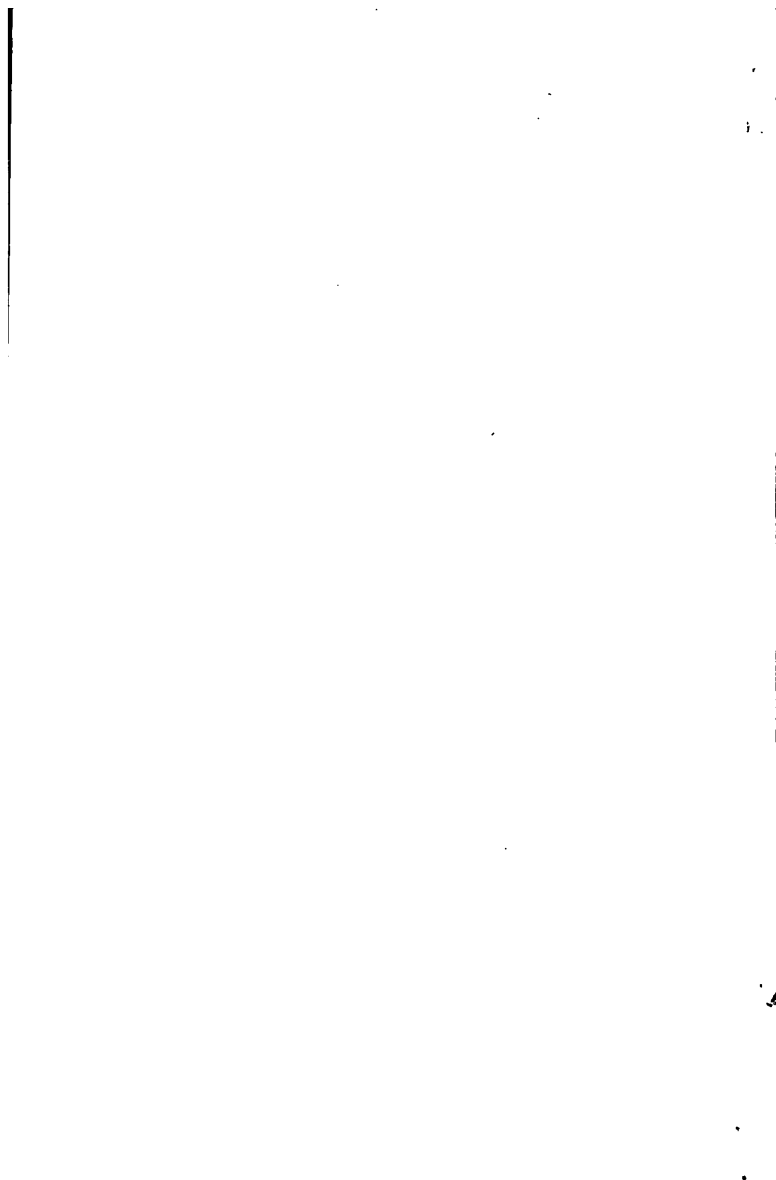
STRICKEN SUDDENLY BY DISEASE,
WITH JOY IN GOD AND IN PERFECT PEACE,
SHE CLOSED A LIFE SHORT IN YEARS,
BUT LONGER IN HER CHRISTIAN USE OF IT,
WITNESSING TO THOSE AROUND HER
THAT, THOUGH
FOR THEIR SAKES SHE WAS NOT UNWILLING TO LIVE,
SHE HAD RATHER DEPART AND BE WITH CHRIST.

Prefixed to the brief memorial entitled "DEAR ANNIE," stands a Latin Epitaph by F. K. [Rev. F. Kilvert.] Of this elegant, and (as he designates it) "touching and truthful composition," the Rev. W. DALBY, the late Vicar of Warminster, who knew her from her birth, has presented the annexed version.

Memoirie Illustissime
ANNÆ Mariæ WALSH

Piæ, Probræ, Animo Demissæ,
Salibus Ingenuis, Et Literarum Studiis
(Sed Præ Verecundia Absconditis)
Insignitæ,
Domi Sux Ac Domesticorum Deliciæ,
Apud Omnes Cujuscunque Ordinis
Gratiosæ,
Ut Quæ, Posthabita Seipsa,
Deum In Christo Primum, Deinde Proximum
Furo Amore Colebat:
Cujus In Ceteros Propensa Voluntas
Erga Pauperes Christi,
Præcipue Juniores,
Miro Quodam Ardore Flagrabat,
In Quibus Docendis Ac Sublevandis
Plurimum Operæ Curæque
Ponebat.
Ingenii Porro Simplicis Fucoque Carentis
Indicium,
Quod, Botanice Studiosa,
Flores Insuper Sociali Quasi Affectu
Complecteretur.
Subito Morbo Correpta
Vitam Spatio Brevem, Bene Vivendo Productam
Læta Ac Tranquilla Morte Finivit;
Circumstantibus Testata
Se, Etsi Suorum Causa Ulterius Vivere Non Recusaret,
Dissolvi Tamen, Et Esse Cum Christo Malle.

F. K.



DEAR ANNIE.

AN apology is perhaps due for reproducing, on the title page of this little volume, the original superscription. No objection would be felt to its adoption in an edition specially intended for those to whom "DEAR ANNIE" was a familiar sound. But this second edition has been called for with a different object. It is confessedly designed to take a wider range, and to several readers will be ANNIE'S first introduction. An apology, then, is found in the kindly regard which she has been observed to conciliate from some, who scarcely knew her name, till they read her unpretending Remains. That reception warrants the hope that yet again many who meet her as a stranger, will soon feel towards her as a youthful friend; and will more than tolerate an appellation, to which affection clings, as being so thoroughly identified with every remembrance of her.

In her life time, ANNIE certainly possessed, to an eminent degree, the power of making herself beloved, and her Christian profession attractive. Her

religious bearing had nothing austere, ostentatious, or dictatorial; it was not spoiled by her following the eccentricities of the day, or inventing others for herself; it was calm, feminine, dignified, deferential, pains-taking, and affectionate. Her discharge of the duties of daughter, sister, pupil—of the next nearest relationships, as well as of friend and of neighbour, was warm-hearted and persevering. She has left behind her “the unmistakable evidence of a tender, sympathising, self-denying spirit, a thoughtfulness for others, a reverence for, and attention to, her elders, as beautiful as it was striking,” while she charmed her equals, and kindly encouraged her juniors; fostered unanimity in the home circle, and shared in its cheerfulness; seldom was known to blame, and often to commend. The poor—especially the invalided, the youthful, and the pious poor—found in her an indefatigable, feeling, generous friend. Time was hoarded by her as if its fragments were golden; and attention to the minutiae of life, even if not quite to her taste, yet was successfully cultivated as a duty. Graces and excellences, which we often admire singly, met in her in happy combination; but amidst them all, her humility kept her proof against the mischiefs of adulation. She has unconsciously set before us, so that it beamed in her very countenance, a beautiful realization of St. Paul’s own description of charity.

To a stranger this, which is copied from the

earlier edition, might seem a highly coloured picture. But, to attest its truthfulness, appeal has been made to the memory of those who best knew the original; and it seems to have been their feeling, that, from a solicitude not to overstate her worth, justice had scarcely been done to it in her Memoir. Either in the very words, or with the meaning of the Queen of Sheba, several have responded, that "the half was not told."

ANNIE was born Nov. 1st, 1832, at Warminster. It was here that she spent (with the deduction of a few weeks in most years, for change of scene) her peaceful life. Here too she closed it. It was the thankful and uniform belief of her parents that genuine religion had influenced her from the very dawn of life. This view she confirmed both on her dying bed and previously; confessing, in answer to a question put to her, that she had loved God "as long as she could remember." She recollected that, when very young, she used in illness to be "afraid of dying." In later years, she evidently, with gentle confidence, was kept "looking unto Jesus;" her self-acquaintance, and consequent self-abasement, being (as abundant evidence shews) of a deep character. The more outward profession of religion she made at the early age of fourteen, by sharing the rite of Confirmation. A paper, still extant in her minister's hands, attests her then clear perception of Divine Truth. She at once became a regular

Communicant. How truly she thenceforward adorned her profession, they who saw most of her most readily acknowledge; and some of these there are who, though they have lived twice as many days as she, fondly emulate the Christian graces, which developed with her ripening years;—and whose ambition it is to be “followers of her, even as she was also of Christ:”—ever bearing in mind, in justice to her Heavenly Father, that “BY THE GRACE OF GOD SHE WAS WHAT SHE WAS.”

The *love of study* which adorned her maturer years was very early discoverable. She seemed never to have been the mere child. As soon as she could speak words, she framed sentences. A record of her visit to London, dictated by her as “a little girl of five years old,” survives to indicate a precocity which her friends rather desired to repress than encourage. *Poetry*, the delight of her prime, when her mind was richly stored with its specimens, had early charms for her.

Flowers, alike those of the field and of the garden, were the “darlings” of her childhood. They subsequently endeared to her the study of botany, and the handling of the pencil; and occasionally stimulated her youthful muse, as when she wrote—

“And thou, sweet flower, that o’er the crystal rill
Gracefully bendest thy fair form to view,
And in thine azure leaves reflectest still
The summer heaven’s most delicious blue.

Oh! ever welcome is thy cheerful hue,
 In palace halls, or in the peasant's cot;
 Yet oft will tears thy gentle eye bedew,
 Emblem of faith and hope, beloved *Forget me not!*"

As to ANNIE's education, it was entirely conducted at home. From her seventh year, one beloved and loving instructress had the charge of it. In childhood, implicit obedience and habits of regularity were exacted. To a later period she did not (god-parents forming the exception), visit her friends otherwise than in company with one of her parents. Subject to these simple rules, treats were gladly and frequently afforded her. Her life was studiously made a happy one, and, from seven years onward, she was blessed with health to enjoy it.

From this brief allusion to her general character and her early years, let us pass on to those when her connexion with the school-room was voluntary.

We may start with 1850. From very early life ANNIE had learned to set the highest value on friendship. Several kind friends she had, each of whom was loved by her with an intensity that might have been mistaken for the bestowal of exclusive affection. Yet was there at this time one friendship that altogether surpassed, though it did not supersede, the rest. It had originated, in 1848, in what would be called an accidental meeting, at Clifton. Of the garden where their first interviews took place, ANNIE had written—

"I think there is nothing in it, from the beautiful acacia to the graceful fennel, which I cannot remember, or which does not bring it and you to my mind when I see them elsewhere."

The friendship thus formed had already survived the marriage of her friend. It had become one of the sweetest ingredients in her cup of life, and was proving to her, morally, spiritually, and intellectually, a first-rate advantage. Let us trace in a few short extracts from her letters to this friend, how ANNIE contemplated the *suspense*, the *distress*, the *mercies*, of the year 1850.

The *suspense* arose with a question then pending, whether Warminster should continue her father's home, or should be exchanged for a quiet village rectory in Buckinghamshire. The change seemed calculated to "realize a long-cherished dream" of rural happiness. When, however, the point was decided, thus she wrote—

"I felt relieved when all was over, and every day brings home how painful would have been the rendings of the innumerable ties which bind us here, so I can hardly say I am disappointed. But it (L.) is such a sweet place—the only one, I think, which I ever longed to call my home ; and for that very reason I believe it is better, far better, that I should be elsewhere."

Now for her *distress*. She had previously written, how "her days flowed on in an almost unbroken stream of blessings and enjoyments, so that she seldom wanted anything but a thankful and sancti-

fied heart." She had expressed the wise "wish in those peaceful days to prepare for clouds and storms." On the storm of this year she thus comments, when it had just passed :

"My youngest sister, the delight of us all, and, for many reasons, peculiarly dear to me, has been brought to the brink of the grave, by inflammation on the chest. For several days we were in the utmost anxiety; but it has pleased our merciful God to hear the many prayers offered for her, and now she amends gradually, from day to day. But amidst this comfort rises the thought that separation must come sooner or later, and that the threatening storm will not always be averted. Amen! if such be His will; only, when 'the night is falling and our flowers are closing up,' may we be able to 'look upwards and see star after star coming out in the darkening sky.'"

A visit to the principal exhibitions, and the opportunity of improving her skill in flower-painting (ANNIE'S special accomplishment), rendered a visit to London very agreeable, though its atmosphere was thankfully exchanged for the lovely scenery of Muswell-hill. Guided by her letters we find her now solicitous that the Missionary Meeting "may not be a mere temporary excitement, but an earnest, loving response to our daily petition, 'Thy kingdom come!'" Now she hails "advice, warning, reproof," aware that "commendation, even the slightest, is dangerous for" her. As the year closes, she thus reviews its history:—

"For myself, the past year have been so full of *mercies*,

that I wonder even at *my* heart for not overflowing with gratitude. All my beloved ones have been spared to me; health, spirits, and enjoyments in almost unbroken flow, and some hours of tranquil happiness (especially in the early summer mornings), such as I cannot soon forget. Spiritual privileges continued, some means of usefulness vouchsafed. Oh, dearest! help me to praise the Lord for all His benefits. When I think of you, and the many trials you have met with, how ashamed I feel! Why am I thus exempted?"

The expression "means of usefulness vouchsafed" alludes especially to her commencement of the pleasant labours of a tract distributor, which she henceforth shared with her elder sister. Not a few of the inhabitants of Boreham recall with interest her affectionate intercourse with them. That her Christian exertions were accompanied by prayer, a fragment, bearing date July 7th, affectingly proves:—

"I often say to myself, 'I will pray constantly for such a person or such a cause;' but they are soon forgotten. I therefore propose to note such objects as are brought before me, and, if possible, spend an hour in a week in *intercession*, the best return I can make to my fellow-creatures."

She then arranges, under twelve heads, the causes and persons on whom she desires to implore a blessing, while in apparent reference to herself she adds these desiderata:—

"Grace for the trials 'that will surely come.'"

"Grace to speak a word in season to him that is weary."

"A full heartfelt knowledge of the Gospel in all its simplicity.

"Devotedness of heart and life.

"*Right motives* in study, &c., &c.

"Self-abhorrence."

Perhaps the following artless lines, penned by ANNIE on the 29th of December, 1850, will serve as an acceptable conclusion to our notice of the year.

"Another Sabbath evening closes,

Latest Sabbath of the year ;

Ere my weary frame reposes,

O'er its briars and its roses

I would shed a parting tear.

Memory her soft influence lending

Many a varied scene has shewed ;

Oh that gratitude ascending,

With her pictured store were blending.

For the mercies there bestowed.

Year of mercies, thickly showered !

Not exempt wert thou from pain ;

But the cloud that darkly lowered

Soon by sunbeams was o'erpowered,

And the sky was bright again.

For the joy of blissful meeting

With the friend of early days ;

For health's joyous pulses beating ;

For all pure delight though fleeting—

Lord, accept my grateful praise.

For affection's priceless treasure,

Undeserved but still bestowed ;

For all intellectual pleasure,

Joys of earth in fullest measure—

Lord, my grateful thanks are owed.

But, for heavenly light misused
 Shame and grief my heart should fill ;
 And for privilege abused,
 Countless gracious calls refused,
 Deeply should I sorrow still.

Humbled in the dust before Thee,
 Let me all my vileness own,
 Then in joyful strains adore Thee—
 Give to the Redeemer glory,
 That His blood can still atone.

And the year, so soon appearing,
 May I in Thy service spend ;
 Heaven's own light my pathway cheering,
 To the port my Pilot steering,
 Where the Sabbath knows no end."

We may now pass on to the year 1851. Its early months were shaded by the death of a relative, recognized under the endearing title of "grand-mamma." It left on ANNIE'S mind so vivid an impression that twice, on her own dying bed, she adverted to its attendant mercies. Her allusion to it at the time, elucidates one great charm in her own character—namely, that while her heart was so fondly united to her principal correspondent, her family did not miss her company, sympathy, or duty. Thus she wrote ;—

"One thought has filled me with thankfulness during the past week. 'It might have been one of my parents instead. This is *grief*; that would have been *agony*.'"

This bereavement was followed in the course of the year by several incidents which interested her.

Christ Church celebrated its twentieth anniversary, on which her pocket-book has the comment—"Cretâ notandi tres dies illi sunt." There was her sojourn at Horningsham; for the noble park and woods adjoining became quite her own. There were her visits to the Great Exhibition, in which she lingered till the very hour of its final closing. She wrote of it:—

"August 6th, 1851.

"Many persons ask each other, 'What did you like best?' but that is almost an impossible question to answer, for so many things are perfect in their own particular style. I think the 'Amazon and Tiger' struck me most for sublimity; the Russian goods for gorgeousness; the wax flowers and glass for beauty; and the filagree silver for exquisite delicacy.

"Yet there is something melancholy in the sight of thousands of persons, whom we see for a moment, then part with for ever. Yet they are all like ourselves, travelling—whither? Oh, how sad to think to how many this world is all, and pleasure, money, or earthly applause their object of existence!"

But the grand event of the year was a visit to North Wales, in the society of a kind uncle and aunt. With the prospect of it she penned some rules, slightly augmented as the young tourist gained experience. From every good young person you would expect the following:—

"*Mem.* Let no excuse prevail to postpone reading and prayer till after breakfast, or too late at night."

But perhaps the subjoined minute memoranda (and they are only a selection) would not have

occurred to many tourists, nineteen years of age. They show that the beautiful course of life, admired by all who knew her, was the result of much self-discipline :—

“*Mem.* Get good things, but not too expensive ; they may last too long. *Mem.* Be very cautious of troubling friends with commissions. *Mem.* Visitors cannot be too scrupulous (so that they be not fussy) about giving trouble in a house. *Mem.* Never pack in a hurry. It wastes time, spoils things, irritates and injures the mind, and vexes other people.”

Thus resolved, ANNIE started on her trip, having tuned her spirit by copying into her sketch-book, as if for the key-note to all her enjoyments, this lovely text :—

“July 28th, 1851.

“‘Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace ; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.’”—*Is.* lv. 12.

The writer, aided by her journal and familiar with the scenery, as well as with its beloved visitor, can realize her youthful animation in perambulating the city walls of old Chester ; her admiration of the elegant Menai Bridge, whether approached by boat on the surface of those exquisite Straits, or by “field path abounding with wild flowers ;” the enthusiastic loyalty with which she watched THE DUKE retiring to his rest, or returning from his early drive to the hotel where she was staying ; the happiness of the unfrequent *wet-day*, spent with her

indulgent and beloved friends, in reading poetry, or in drawing wild flowers; the charm of the *Sunday*, whether diversified by the simple but venerable Cathedral of Bangor, and the exhortations of its aged Diocesan—"a true model of a Bishop, so dignified, unostentatious, kind, and earnest;" or by worship in the humble village church, or by reading "The mountains of the Bible," in the gardens of Tan-y-Bwlch, which she designates "a little earthly paradise." The writer, and perhaps one or two readers, can follow her to Beaumaris, on the Anglesea side of the Straits; there she admires and sketches its ancient castle; enjoys the pier which stretches far into the deep water; searches for flowers and ferns; gathers cresses to please a dear relative—but, more than all, is full of admiration of the mountains across the water. Her pen has told of a beautiful sunset, "dyeing the mountains with rich crimson, which gradually faded into purple, then into grey, till the moon shone brightly on the water." She was equally charmed with "the clouds slowly rolling away, uncovering one mountain edge after another, till their tops caught the first rays of the sun, at his rising." The writer can see her in imagination delighted with the wonders of Llanberis, visiting its slate quarries, adventurously penetrating their subterraneous passages, slowly winding up its pass, and "watching the peak of Snowdon rising above the rest, until he out-topped them all;"

—delineating the lovely “falls of the Swallow;” and exhilarated by the ascent of Cader Idris; and at length closing her diary by describing the excursion as “happy in anticipation, happy in realization, and to be doubtless the subject of happy retrospection for the future. Ps. ciii. 1, 2.”

Lengthened “retrospection” on earth has not been vouchsafed to dear ANNIE; but may we not rest assured that her loving and adoring spirit, so capable of enjoying her Maker’s works, is awaiting in paradise still higher delights, and destined for spheres of more exalted service?

But the kind relatives who took her to the mountain scenery, afforded her a far richer treat in contriving for her a visit to the most intimate of her friends.

The same indulgence she enjoyed more at length, during her stay in London, in November. Permission is given to transcribe, from a familiar letter written to ANNIE’s mother a year since her decease, that friend’s recollection of each interview. “When dear ANNIE came to the cottage for one night, I was too overcome with excitement to enjoy her visit thoroughly. The brilliancy of her mind, and the elegance of her manners and appearance, made me nearly lose sight of the sweet retiring ANNIE of Harley House Garden. In London, I was *at home* with her, and felt she was my own ANNIE again. I had many precious hours alone with her: I can recall

every thing that happened during that week, every look, and word, and movement. It seemed rather a visit of years than of hours; and then I was conscious of the depth of her piety, and the intenseness of her love for her Saviour." To these recollections, an interesting counterpart will be found in ANNIE'S reflections, thus expressed at the time. Nov. 9, 1851.

Once more to meet, once more to part,
Once more to feel with hope elate;
Then, when the joy has left the heart,
More deeply, deeply desolate:—

Once more in feeble words endeavour
To pour affection's gushing tide;
And then for years, perhaps for ever,
The heart's full tenderness to hide.

Once more, oh wished for, dreaded hour!
It came, it sparkled and it passed;
Yet, strengthened by imparted power,
The heart has bowed beneath the blast:

Bowed, but not broken, tho' the thought
'Again on earth we may not meet,'
With deepest agony be fraught—
Yet is the recollection sweet.

Sweet to record the gentle tone,
The fond embrace, the whispered prayer.
Oh! could I ever feel alone
When such as these are graven there?

When from harsh word, or look unkind,
That wring the heart or wound the breast,
To her I turn—shall I not find
In *one* security and rest?

Nay : not e'en here. Thy frailest heart
 On earthly ties, the sweetest, best,
 Must dread to lean ! Arise, depart :
 " Depart, for this is not thy rest."

So move we on our pilgrim way,
 Each strengthened by our mutual love :
 But be our true defence and stay
 The *more than faithful* friend above.

On the closing year ANNIE has this observation :

"There is a cheerful view of the subject. 'Now is our salvation *nearer*.' Write to me on these things, dearest; and stir me up to think of them more, and to give only their right place to things of this passing world. True, 'the world,' as it is generally understood, has few charms for me, and I am thankful to have been brought up at a distance from its snares; but

'Whatever passes as a cloud between
 The mental eye of faith and things unseen,
That is our world.'"

The winter in which 1852 began, passed away amid ANNIE'S usual employments. The poor, especially the Christian poor, were doubtless learning her value. This is inferred from the firm hold she was afterwards found to have gained on their gratitude and affections. At home, she never seemed to waste five minutes. She was ever finding for the finger some tasteful employment, which yet allowed her to enter with zest into whatever happened to be interesting the little social circle. As soon, however, as she could be spared, you would see her

silently withdraw (though she was *never* impatient of being recalled) to her private room. What her engagements in the study were, about this time, shall be known from her own pen, after we have given one extract alluding to her visit to Oxford, when the winter was past:—

“ May 20th, 1852.

“ Our fortnight there was one of rich enjoyment. Did you visit Blenheim? We spent one long bright day there; and never can I forget the calm evening light on that lovely park and water. All looking so fresh and still, realizing one's ideas of ‘Eden ere it faded from the world.’

“ Then Oxford itself, with its stately buildings and shady walks, and the picture-rooms and libraries that make one long for a few spare years to spend among their accumulated treasures! We were adventurous, too, and went to hear the anthem from Magdalen tower at five o'clock on May-day morning.”

In reply to her friend's inquiry, what was her way of disposing of her time, she writes:—

“ May 25th, 1852.

“ My ‘programme,’ drawn up two or three years ago, is a very simple one, viz:—

MORNINGS.

Monday—Latin and Arithmetic (the former, Livy's ponderous History).

Tuesday—Latin (as before) and Geography.

Wednesday—History and English Composition (the former, a course of contemporary history, which, at the present rate, may perhaps be completed about the close of the nineteenth century).

Thursday—Ditto, and some philosophical or scientific work.

Friday—French and Chronology.

Saturday—Ditto and Composition.

AFTERNOONS.

Drawing; preparing Latin lessons for papa; letter-writing; visitors, &c.; and miscellaneous readings.

Morning and Evening—Scripture portions, subjects, &c.

"The plan, though often broken in upon, has been of great use to me ever since my time has been at my own disposal, but it is bound to give way to *every* call of duty, or opportunity of being of any use to others. Then there are the thousand daily trifles, too small even for this record, which yet give a character to the days: odd minutes spent in converse with others, in walking in the garden, watching the clouds and the stars, writing down thoughts and feelings which become oppressive, reading scraps from my favourite books, &c., and the many thoughts of 'dear ones near and far away,' which mingle with all: so that what I *do*, is but a small part of what I *enjoy*. It is not often that I get *hard at work*, though it is to me one of the most delightful of feelings. And now here is enough (I should think) of my own dear self, for one letter at least. But anything you care to know about that important person I will gladly tell."

The year 1852, as it advanced, found her paying visits successively at an ancient mansion, at the house of a kind uncle and aunt, and at a refined and agreeable residence at Highgate. During one of these visits her uniform attention to the aged met with its rich reward:—

"One lady fairly bewitched me. I think I never saw old age so lovely. She spent many years of her life in the highest circles, both in rank and intellect; and her own talents and rare accomplishments, joined to great natural sweetness, made her universally beloved; yet she has passed through all unscathed, and now, at seventy-five, has all the freshness of seventeen. She is a bright,

happy Christian, with words of kindness and comfort for all, and unceasing in her self-sacrificing devotion to those whom she loves. It was one of my constant pleasures to arrange a bunch of rosebuds or a basket of fruit and flowers, and carry it down to her tiny cottage; spending an hour or two in turning over her stores of paintings and manuscripts; returning laden with books and drawings."

Our record of the next year shall open with two extracts illustrative of the tenderness of ANNIE'S sympathy. The second extract is from a letter addressed to a young lady (not hitherto mentioned) whom ANNIE had numbered among her intimates nearly twelve years; and who in the interim had become a wife and a mother. The former is lent by another lady, who, although many years her senior, deeply valued her friendship. She was then suffering, (as it will be perceived,) under a bereavement of no ordinary severity. It may be added that she afterwards paid the visit which ANNIE here desires; and that she has often and warmly spoken of the solace ministered to her, on that occasion, by her youthful comforter.

"Compton, March 3rd, 1853.

"MY DEAR, DEAR F.—I did not write to you at first, though I longed to do so, for words seemed so weak, and I knew that those who had drunk more than I have of the cup of sorrow, would be better able to speak words of sympathy. Yet, oh! I *have* felt for you, dearest F., in this deep bitter bereavement. All the consolation given us as to those who 'sleep in Jesus,' is yours in rich abundance; but *that*, while it forbids us to grieve on *their* account, seems to make the loss heavier to *us*. Oh! how often does

God 'see those fit to die,' whom we deem most fit to live, and work for Him. It is mysterious, and all we can do is to be still, for it is His doing. But when this fleeting scene is passed away for ever—

'When we stand with Christ in glory
Looking o'er life's finished story;'

then, will not the sorest griefs appear in a different light, nay, perhaps the richest boons of love and wisdom? I know how unfit I am, dearest F., to write thus. Still, I could not refrain from writing just to assure you how much I think of you, and how my heart is grieved for you. *Do not* write to me. I trust you will come to us, at home, ere long, and then it will be my pleasure to be with you, and feel with you."

"March 11th, 1853.

"MY DEAREST L.—How I wish I could be near you for the next few months, to share your duties, and spare you, as far as I could, all fatigue and exertion. I grieve that you are feeling weak and poorly! but a few months will set that right, I trust, and in the meantime I will set you free from *every* obligation to write to me, for writing is, I know, a great tax on strength and time, when both are fully called for in other directions. I am so sorry that this is the *only* thing by which I can lighten your daily engagements; if I were within walking distance, you should see what an *under* nurse, and gardener, and every thing else I would be! But I will not forget to pray for you, dearest, and indeed I do so every day, that you may be strengthened for all that lies before you, and that you and yours may be abundantly enriched with every blessing. I enclose a few seeds for the garden, though too early to sow them."

This last sentence is retained to introduce the mention of ANNIE's frequent habit of enclosing in her letters some token of this kind:—flower seeds,

the flower dried or sketched, or a slight production of the needle. Her more intimate friends living at a distance will remember another habit, seldom omitted, and of a more sacred cast—that of appending to each letter a reference to some *text* of Scripture. She was an admirable textuary. The following application of this kind of knowledge, as a help to private devotion, is perhaps original :—

“June 24th, 1853.

“‘This is the will of God, even your sanctification.’ I try to link that truth with the petition, ‘Thy will be done;’ and some other text with each clause of the Lord’s Prayer, often changing them, and then that beautiful summary never comes too often.”

Scotland was, about this time, anticipated with great delight—“the Highlands as the most attractive spot in the kingdom, and Edinburgh the most attractive of cities.” The following extracts exhibit some of ANNIE’S reflections on Scottish sites, of which her sketch-book has preserved still sweeter memorials :—

“Dunkeld, Sept. 8.

“I suppose the difference is in me, not in them; but I don’t think any other scenery will *quite* come up to that of North Wales, to my mind; yet Scotland is very, very beautiful. Loch Long, as it lay in calm sunshine, with one little dark-sailed boat floating motionless in the midst of the reflected mountains, will long haunt me as the very impersonation of peaceful loveliness. Then came the wild lonely pass of Glencoe, where one can scarcely speak or think; and there a thunderstorm overtook us, but ended in little besides torrents of rain. Is there not something in

mountain scenery that speaks to one's heart of hearts as none else can? The 'everlasting hills,' with those torrent tracks which always make me think of the traces left by past emotions on the heart,—the thundering, gushing, or trickling streams, like life in its different stages and circumstances (you remember Legh Richmond's 'little rivulet'), and the peaceful ferns and dazzling wild flowers that brighten every nook, and are so much dearer because they contrast with the gloom and savageness. *They* are the friends, the stars in darkness, the many that we like, the few that twine round us, till they become parts of our very being. * * * From the village of Killin my sister and I ascended Ben Lawers, riding two sure-footed ponies higher, we were told, than any ladies had ridden before, and then scrambling to the top in spite of rain, cloud, and sleet. The noble view was sadly obstructed, but the glimpses we caught of it when—

'As by the rending of a snow-white veil,
The glorious land beneath us lay revealed,'

were even more beautiful than undimmed sunshine.* * * We reached the hotel after seven hours' absence, thoroughly soaked, but with high spirits and excellent appetites, the inn-people seeming to look upon us as a kind of heroines."

"Sept. 1853.

"Abbotsford! The house, &c., were smaller than I had pictured, but their touching interest can hardly be overrated. The spirit of the mighty minstrel seemed lingering still; all looked as if he had left it but for a moment, and would again delight a crowd of the noble and gifted guests who thronged there once. Then the thought of the dark cloud, temporal and mental, that gathered round his last days; the feeble efforts of failing mind and body to shake them off, and his own mournful words, 'No rest for Sir Walter but in the grave.' Oh, that he had found the rest which One alone could offer to the

weary and heavy laden ; then welcome were the close of life's stormy day !"

After these passages, culled from letters to her principal correspondent, may be read (it is hoped) with interest, as giving an additional insight into ANNIE'S feelings and conduct, another retrospect of her Scottish tour. It was sent to her friend F., already mentioned as having passed through deep waters, but now, in her turn, become a comforter of the distressed.

Langholme, Roxburgh,
Sept. 22nd.

" OH, DEAREST F.—If you have sometimes longed, 'oh for the wings of a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest,'—do you not rejoice *now* to have been spared to comfort others, as they only can who have drunk deep of the cup of sorrow themselves? Amid the many enjoyments of this tour, I have felt, since dear Bessie's illness, how far greater the privilege of soothing the anxious, loving hearts around her, as I would gladly try, but you *know* how to do. And now I will tell you a little of our doings. From Stirling we went back for a day or two to the Highlands, for the sake of Loch Katrine, &c., which amply repaid us ; the want of the highest style of grandeur being compensated by the almost classic interest which Scott has thrown over every spot and object, from 'huge Benvenue' to the snow-white pebbles on the 'silver strand.' Then came Edinburgh, the Queen of cities, where we spent five most interesting days. The views from Arthur's seat and Calton Hill ; the Castle, with its long lost regalia ; the old town, with its eleven storied houses ; and the new, with its splendid buildings ; most of all Holyrood, with its surpassing interests, all made up a scene of enchantment. The one little disappointment was the want of

time for more distant expeditions, especially Dalkeith, for which your brother's kind note was thus rendered of no avail. I had reckoned much upon it, but never liked to tell uncle C. that we might go there as privileged persons, for he would then perhaps have made a point of it, and to him it might have been a fatigue, as he had not been very well. We have met no *old* friends on the tour, but made some very pleasant *new* ones, in the persons of two maiden ladies of Clifton, tourists like ourselves, with whom Cassie and I became quite acquainted."

After a somewhat more lengthened description of Abbotsford, the youthful tourist continues:—

"Carlisle was our destination, but the rain coming on heavily, we were only too glad to stop for the night in this quiet little inn, where a bright fire soon made us warm and dry. I, for one, cannot regret the change, for the splendid hotel at Carlisle is close to the railway; and here there are pictures and frames, not to mention two books (a beautiful Scripture Gazetteer, and Mrs. Hemans's poems complete) which would make a week of wet weather here no punishment. Will you thank dear H. for her welcome letter, and give Bessie one warm, warm kiss from me? I must not scribble more, but to say that

"I am ever, dearest F.,

"Most affectionately yours,

"ANNIE M. D. WALSH."

On November 1st she reached her majority. Souvenirs crowded upon her. These are among her remarks:—

"Nov. 2nd, 1853.

"And now, I suppose, I must confess to being a *woman*; but, like the equator at sea, the line is so imperceptible, the voyage on each side so much alike, that one hardly finds it out. * * * Dearest one, they are twenty-one years of sin and rebellion, of grievous wanderings and

hard, cold, proud impenitence; yet twenty-one years of ceaseless mercies, not one more precious, more undeserved, than that which gave me your love and friendship."

Here may follow, with only short omissions, the last letter of 1853. For the compiler it has special interest, reflecting, as it does (mirror-like) the varied subjects that occupied ANNIE'S mind: written, too, as it evidently was, according to agreement with her friend, in fragments of time—glancing at the lateness of her hours a point (it must in candour be stated), although the *only* point, that occasionally elicited a parental remonstrance. One specimen of her loving affection appears in all its intenseness. One strong allusion to her heart's conflict is also allowed to remain. The intensity of that conflict might be largely illustrated from ANNIE'S private memoranda. Traceable in part to her very high standard of Christian graces, and her unfailing habit of testing herself by that standard, the crowded pencillings in her successive pocket books place it beyond debate. Indeed, cheerful as she almost always seemed, and ready as she ever was to sympathize with the joys as well as the sorrows of others, it is clear that she was abundantly learning to welcome "the *rest* that remaineth for the people of God." But the reader must not expect details. They were only meant for the eyes of herself, and of Him in whose presence she felt herself to be writing. They were not for the press. Yet is this one allusion

retained, and this one disclosure made, lest some Christian reader should be surprised, and others discouraged, by the absence of a subject on which they all have feelings in common :—

“Dec. 31st, 1853.

“MY OWN LOVED MARY ANNE—A few lines must overtake you wherever you are, to convey my New Year's wishes, and best, fondest love.

“The sun has set, to rise no more on 1853, and I have been admiring *your* fair evening star, shining down on the snow; but now a cloud has come over it, and I am alone in ‘the little room,’ as of old. Dearest, I wish I could ‘bind all loving thoughts in one,’ to send you such a New Year's blessing as my heart craved for you. I cannot write it; I could not speak it if I had your dear hand in mine at this moment, but may He who can do for us far more than we can ask or think, keep you, my darling friend, in His own gracious keeping! It is a solemn time that marks another of our few years gone,—a sad one too, sometimes, at least so it seems now to me. For the past year has been one of repeated conflict; (I know not how else to speak of it,) tearing my very soul, and leaving me beaten to the ground. But I will not dwell on this. I *have* been brought thus far, and I trust to be enabled, though weakness itself, to cling to the Rock through every storm.

“And the year should close in *gratitude*, for it has sparkled with mercies. Your visit, dear one, the brightest and oftenest remembered of all its enjoyments.

“I have just come in from the Bible class. It is not at the Vestry this winter, to save trouble to the sexton, but in a cottage close by. Last week, being Christmas Eve, all the girls staid to tea, with three or four besides,—a cheerful party of seventeen. I had been busy preparing for it, and the owner of the cottage had all beautifully arranged, so that a very few minutes after our hymn was

sung, the long table was temptingly set out and the party seated. I left them to enjoy it without restraint, after they had of their own accord sung a very pretty grace; but returned at six o'clock, when the tea was over. Then an 'object-box,' engravings, round games, reading aloud, and drawing lots for little prizes (of which there was one for each), made three hours pass very quickly, and I know I enjoyed it, at least. To-night they have a long 'New Year's Letter' to read to themselves,—a means of reaching them sometimes easier than speaking. How feeble all such means, compared with the evil influences which daily, hourly, surround them! yet we know who has 'chosen the weak things to confound the mighty.' There is plenty of parochial work this winter, a good many cases of illness and much poverty, every thing being so dear. But sin is the worst; and it is painful to look over an old school list, and see how large a proportion have gone astray. I tremble often, as I look at the class register. Oh, may they be kept from the evil! I believe I shall tire you with this subject. I don't dwell on it with any one else, but it rises naturally to mind when, as writing to you, I am alone and quiet.

"This evening we are expecting papa home from Brighton, where he has spent the week very happily between two of his oldest friends—Mr. H. and Mr. V.

"Etta returned blooming and bright last week, and now our circle is complete, with the addition of one visitor, the sister of my earliest friend.

"Quarter-past twelve P.M.—A happy New Year to you, dearest! My first wish shall be to you, for on this one night of all the year, I *purposely* stay up till after twelve. I have been listening to the bells' muffled peal, and now they are joyously ringing in the New Year. There lies my new pocket-book. With what events and feelings will its blank pages be filled? I must write at once the motto I have chosen for the year, and it shall be my text for you too; (and oh, may its deep meaning, its glorious

theme of comfort abide with us both through the year!) 'ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED.' And now, good night. My fingers are stiff, and my candle nearly burnt to the socket, so I must put it out, and betake me to the little bed that so much amused you.

"Your fondest

"ANNIE."

Dear ANNIE has here introduced us to her beloved *Classes*. Besides the usual class in the *Sunday* school, she tended this Saturday class, consisting exclusively of young women, who lived in her father's parish, but worked at a neighbouring factory. Between the members of these two classes and herself there subsisted the strongest mutual affection. And no wonder. She brought the best resources of her mind to bear upon the task of instructing them. It might shame the teacher, who is satisfied with impressing on a class a perfunctory and crude lesson, to cast an eye over ANNIE's private memoranda. Her preparations for her classes would fill a volume. At one time Archbishop Leighton's 'Commentary' has been rifled to endear St. Peter's Epistle. At another, the word she has written down, apparently to catch her eye at the time, betrays the charm which Howson had thrown over portions of sacred history. At another, she passes judgment on her own bearing and temper in teaching. Besides this, wherever she went, she evidently carried her love for them in her heart. Thus, one day, during her stay at Compton Bassett,

she takes advantage of her visit to an admirable institution at Calne, and sends them an account of it, accompanied with the inculcation of good principles, good temper, order, and cleanliness. Another day, she writes to the "Saturday class," and tells them, "Very often do I think of you and your long walk through the cold frosty mornings."

But let us permit the *New Year's Letter* she has named to tell its own tale:—

"NEW YEAR'S EVE."

"1853.

"MY DEAR GIRLS,—This is New Year's Eve—the last time we shall meet here in the old year. Long before next Saturday the bells will ring 'the old year out,' and we shall talk of 'this year, 1854.' Last time it was *Christmas* Eve, and I do not believe there was a more cheerful party anywhere in all England that evening. I thought myself, as I looked round the table, 'this is very pleasant; I hope we may do this again.' But then I thought how unlikely it was that the *same* party should meet again another Christmas. Some of you, or I myself, may be laid on a bed of sickness; some may be gone away; some may be busy with other things; some may have grown tired before then, and left; some may——

"I took up an old class-book the other day, and read the names. There was one who was gone to America—I knew no more of her; but when we know nothing, we may always *hope the best*, so I hoped she was well and respectable out there. Three more I knew were in service, steady and comfortable, many miles away. Two more had married properly, but one of them had died—happily, we trust—years ago; the other is living still, but she looks very poor and sad. Her husband was a drinking

young man; she knew it before, but she would marry him, and if the church were opened for *unmarrying* people, I am afraid that poor woman (for she is not a girl now) would be one of the first to come to it. One or two more there were whom I knew still, and hoped they were doing well; and one or two were gone, I did not know where. But the rest—of some of whom their friends had hoped the best (alas!) I knew they had fallen into sin, and of course into misery. Some, indeed, were married; but who can expect a blessing on that sort of marriage! Some may (we hope they may) have repented; but who can give back the bright face and happy heart of one who has lost that precious thing—a character? and some of them married too young, knowing nothing that a wife and a mother should know. What sad old faces, and what uncomfortable homes, they have! I thought of them one by one, and then I shut up the book, for my heart was sad. I thought—‘is sin so fearfully common, then? and will all who met so happily on Christmas Eve, 1853—will they all be good and happy in other years?’ Oh, dear girls, be careful! As you value your peace of mind, as you value your soul, that will never die, be careful! Watch and pray, that you may not fall into temptation. There is but one thing can keep us safe, but *one*—that is, the grace of God. Ask for that grace, that you may be kept. You don’t know how unhappy it would make *me*, if any of you *should* go wrong. I should feel as if I had not taught you, and warned you, and prayed for you enough. That is why I write this now. But I don’t want you to do right for my sake only, but for your own, and for our blessed Saviour’s. Think how He hates sin, and you will hate the very thoughts of it too.

“And now, two or three little hints for the New Year. *First*, take care about dress. I need not say much, for I am generally pleased to see you neat, but plain. Don’t let anything tempt you to get smart. It does no good. Nobody whose opinion is worth caring for, will think the

better of you for it ; and thinking much of our dress, while we forget to think of our hearts and our tempers, is like polishing up a nutshell which is empty, or has a rotten kernel. I think there are not many in the world who love flowers better than I do—in the field—in the garden—in a window ; but when I see them in a girl's Sunday bonnet, I don't love them at all.

"Then the *next thing*. Take care who you go with. Some one said once, 'Tell me what company a man keeps, and I will tell you what that man is.' That is true of women and girls, as well as men. Never (if you can help it) stay talking with young women, still less with young men, of bad character. Try and get one or two nice real friends : friends that will lead you right, if they are older than you ; friends whom you can help and lead, if you are the older.

"I don't think, really, next to a good father and mother, that God gives any gift to rich or poor, except His own grace, so precious as a true Christian friend. And when we have got a good friend, we must keep her. We must not be offended if she loves somebody better than she loves us. We must not give her up if we find *some* faults ; for has she not some faults to bear with in *us* ? I have had one dear friend for more than twelve years, and another for more than five, yet we have never had one unkind word : we have been often parted for years, yet we have never forgotten each other ; and we pray for each other, I trust, every day, and who can tell the good *that* does to both of us ? So, try to get good friends ; and treat them well when you have got them. And if ever you think of marrying (for I believe girls *will* think of it, though it is *far* too early for most of you yet), make up your mind that it shall not be to marry into sin and misery. So, mind what company you keep. And now (good advice is very easy to *give*, but often hard to *do*) I will only give one piece more.

"III. *Value and use the Bible.* That is the lamp to light

us in this world ; shall we shut our eyes, or blow out that lamp, and choose to go on still in the dark ? No, dear girls ! Value the Bible. Read it on Sundays. Listen to it at church. Think of it at work. Keep it in your heart. Oh ! there is more in the Bible than we have any of us found out yet. There are things in the Bible that angels wonder at : yet we hardly wonder at them. There are things that devils tremble at : yet we scarcely care. There are things in the New Testament which Abraham and Job, and David and Hezekiah, would have given all their sheep and cattle—yes, and their crowns, too—to have learnt : yet we hardly care for them. If our eyes were to be opened ; how we should feel as if we had never read the Bible before ! It tells us that we are all full of sin ; that in us ‘dwelleth no good thing.’ Do we feel this ? It tells us that God loves us—yes, that he loved us so much, that He gave the most precious thing He had to give that He might save us from hell. Do we believe this ?

“It tells us that there is a ‘peace that passeth all understanding :’ that even in this world there is a joy to be had—‘joy unspeakable, and full of glory.’ Do we know anything of that peace, and that joy ? It tells us, too, that there are pleasures in heaven for which the bitterest sorrows on earth are meant to prepare us. Are we ever looking forward to *them* ? It is a nice plan to choose a text to be *our own* for a year, or a month, or a day. I have chosen one for myself for the new year. It is a very short one, part of Ephesians i. 6 : ‘ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED.’”

To the same period belongs the following production, read by ANNIE to her Saturday class :—

“THE MIDNIGHT BELLS.

“They were eight in family. Yes. You might have known *that*, though you had in all your life never seen them, or heard any one say so. And there they lived, all by themselves, half way up a tall, tall tower ; all in one

low, dark room, with only just space to turn round in, and with no power ever to get away.

"A strange, uncomfortable place it was, too. In summer, the crows and magpies came and built their great untidy nests, till the floor was full of dust and rubbish.

"And in winter, oh! how the cold wind *did* blow, and whistle, and howl through the stone window-frames; for glass there was none, nor ever had been.

"There they lived, day after day, each tied to a great wheel with a thick, strong rope; and there they had hung for five hundred years, and more. But they were BELLS, and not men and women; they didn't mind so much after all.

"They had their gay times, too—those bells. Once a week, at least, always, wet or fine, they all eight sang together; and though *some* of the people down below could not understand their words, yet to those who listened aright they said—

'Sabbath day! Sabbath day!
Day of holy rest!
Come and pray, come and pray!
Day of days the best!'

"Now and then, too, they sang on a week-day morning, because, looking through their window-bars, they saw white horses at the churchyard gate, and white flowers on the churchyard path, and then they sang merrily—

'Love and peace their footsteps guide,
Bless the bridegroom and the bride!'

"Sometimes, too, and that was far oftener, the great heavy bell in the middle spoke alone, and said,—

'Gone! . . . Gone! . . . Gone! . . . Gone!'

"Then the seven other bells were quite silent, and watched the slow dark train come up the churchyard, and saw the clergyman meet them with his head uncovered,

telling them of One who is 'the Resurrection and the Life.'

"But one night, when the wind blew cold through the bars, and the moon shone down on the smooth, beautiful snow, the bells began to sing a little before midnight.

"Strange, very strange, and sad, their voices sounded, though they sang as fast as when they sang their Christmas carols, just a week before.

"I have said they lived alone. But, no; they had one companion in the tower, the great white owl, who dozed and winked in his corner all day long, and at night flew round all the country near, to pick up mice and small birds. He heard the bells begin on that clear winter night, and, thinking he must have been dreaming, and that the morning was really come, hurried home without a supper, lest the rising sun should dazzle his weak sight. 'Tuhoo, tuhoo, what is the matter, my friends?' said he. 'What are you singing for in the dark?'

'To this Old Year we bid farewell,
The Old Year lies on his death-bed,
And we must toll his parting-knell :'
Thus in muffled tones they said.

'But,' said the Owl, 'as I passed along,
I saw in the houses a merry throng;
And I heard them tell, in voices gay,
How soon the year would have passed away.
Why do ye mourn that he lives no more,
When mortals *rejoice* that his course is o'er?'

Then the smallest bell, with his clear sharp tone,
Said, '*Should I not* mourn that the year is flown?
It is gone! with its sunshine and its showers,
With its sweet spring leaves, and its summer flowers,
And its autumn fruits;—and I think with pain,
These fair things will not be seen again.'

Said the second bell—‘Not for *these* I care,
 For the flowers next year will bloom as fair ;
 But I grieve for those whom this year hath laid,
 Silent and deep, in our churchyard’s shade ;
 Parent and brother and child have come,
 Sister and friend, to their last long home :
 Spring with its flowers will with speed return ;
 But not the lost—’tis for *them* I mourn.’

‘Oh, not for *them*,’ the third bell said,
 ‘For sweet is the rest of the Christian dead ;
 But I grieve for those they have left on earth,
 Who will miss each dear familiar face,
 And will weep to see the empty place,
 As they gather round the Christmas hearth.
 Others that empty seat may fill,
 But the place in their hearts will be desolate still.’

Then the fourth bell said—‘I lament to know
 The varied ills in this world of woe :
 For the sick on the bed of restless pain,
 For the poor man’s want, and the prisoner’s chain,—
 All these have been in the year that hath flown,
 And for these my song hath its doleful tone.’

‘No,’ said the fifth bell, ‘not thus mourn I :
 Why should we weep for the woes gone by ?
 I grieve for those who are lone and drear ;
 Who have none to love them, and none to cheer ;
 Who have tasted all that the world can give,
 And have found it bitter : for them I grieve.’

The sixth bell sighed—‘But there’s *One* on high
 Who can hear the spirit’s secret sigh ;
 There’s *One* who can heal the broken heart,—
 I mourn for those who from Him depart ;
 For the heathen who kneel to gods of stone ;
 For those who pray with the *lips* alone ;

That His precious name is unloved, unknown,
While His deadliest foe usurps His throne;
For the poison that lurks each heart within;
To say all in one word,—I mourn for *sin*.'

'Alas!' the seventh bell slow replied,
'Sin has turned earth to a desert wild:
And I mourn most in the year that has past
For the days and hours that have run to waste;
Oh! what will they think of them at last,
When *all* their years have gone by in haste?
All the kindly deeds that they *might* have done,
All the gentle words that they *might* have said,
How wise and holy they *might* have grown,
In this passing year:—but the year hath fled.'

Then deep and solemn a voice was heard,
As the largest bell took up the word;
But he stopped—for, hark! in the old church tower,
The clock is striking the midnight hour.
ONE..TWO..and hushed are the tones of men,
For they knew that the year was expiring then;
THREE..FOUR..and the world beneath
Seemed all to listen and hold its breath.
FIVE..SIX..and in every heart
What strange and mingled feelings start!
SEVEN..EIGHT..'tis a passing bell,
The death of the parting year to tell:
NINE..TEN..and the wind swept by,
As if 'twere the Old Year's parting sigh.
ELEVEN..TWELVE..at the closing stroke
A joyous peal from the belfry broke;
No more in muffled * tones they spoke.

* See page 31, where is noticed a custom that prevails at W. A copy (it may here be added) of this little poem, worked up into a tract, was placed, in December last, at the disposal of the MONTHLY TRACT SOCIETY, and through this medium has gained a wide circulation.

Merrily, merrily, merrily they rang,
And thus to the Christian's heart they sang :

'Lift, oh ! lift thine heart on high,
Weep not o'er the thoughts gone by.
Earthly flowers are all decayed,
Heavenly blossoms never fade.
Friends have parted from thy side,
Thou shalt meet them soon in heaven ;
Thou hast sinned, but Christ has died—
For His sake thou art forgiven.
And this opening year shall be
Full of happiness to thee ;
For, whatever may befall,
He has sent and knows it all.
Praise Him for the year that's fled :
He thy feeble steps hath led !
Praise Him, that He spares thee still
To do His work and hear His will !
Praise Him for the promise given,
Of grace on earth, and rest in heaven !'

So sang the bells when the midnight was past,
And the glad New Year had begun at last ;
And they who the bells' glad sound could hear
Lay peaceful down, without care or fear ;
And *they had*, what all wished for, 'A HAPPY NEW YEAR.'''

A visit to PARIS was the leading event of the spring of 1854. How she felt, after having been there three days, is best told in a letter to a friend at Warminster.

"Chez Mme. de St. Marie, 6, Rue de Castiglione,
"8th May, 1854. Paris.

"MY VERY DEAR MRS. R.,—My first note from Paris must be to you, who were so kindly concerned in our coming, and to whom we owe our present most comfortable location. Our hostess is a quiet, ladylike person,

with one daughter, of fourteen, and a married sister, living with her. The indefatigable *concierge*, Mme. Paul, is wonderful for good temper and activity; the situation excellent, the breakfast *exquis*—in short, we are lodged *à merveille*, and have *only* ninety-two steps to ascend, the other *appartement* being a story higher. *Ours* consists of a nice little ante-room, where we breakfast, &c.; a bedroom, with dressing closets and capacious cupboards, for papa and mamma, and a larger one, with two beds for us three, all newly and elegantly furnished. We have already walked a good deal, and learned much of our environs. Papa and I called on Saturday on Mr. Lovett, who received us very kindly, in his little vestry study, and introduced us to his wife. Yesterday we attended both services at his chapel, in the morning hearing a long and beautiful sermon from dear old Mr. Bridges (Ps. cxix.) Lord Roden was there, and the Bishop of Oxford was expected to hold a confirmation.

"We have been to the Madeleine, which looked gaudy and tame after the Gothic grandeur of St. Ouen; and this morning papa and I were a long time in St. Roch before breakfast; but I have had almost enough of the painful sight of so much delusion, idolatry, and superstition, and felt thankful to come away. It is so sad to see apparent, and, doubtless, often real devotion, expended upon *creatures*, and therefore worse than useless. Preparations were making on a grand scale for the funeral of a countess, and all the rest of our party are gone now (11 A.M.) to witness it. We have seen two funerals already—that of a poor person at Havre, and that of a rich man at St. Ouen, and it was strange the difference of the number of prayers expended on the two. Doubtless the titled lady will command more still. We get on very well with the language, and made several very pleasant travelling acquaintances, both French and English. Dear mamma has told me to say how true she found all you told her, as that 'a French soldier is nothing below his

waist,' and (I am glad to say) that she 'would never have a headache in Paris.' I long for Alison's first volumes, to be able to call up in each spot the events which happened there; but alas! such reminiscences are always *painful*! We will have many a long chat with you, if spared to return, on French ways and doings. It seems a month already since we left, one has taken in so many fresh ideas. Our hostess's daughter speaks English, and I want to make friends with her by helping her a little, and talking French with her in return. They all compliment us on our French, and say we shall be *perfect* at the end of our stay.

"Please to give our best love to K.'s, and S.'s, and S.'s, and to dear S—y, when you write: he would pass for a French boy very well, I think. I like all the children in the streets, and the young women in clean white caps, and the soldiers in grenadier caps, and the ladies who look rather English, and the gentlemen who look very French. We are going to begin with the sights nearer home, and take Versailles, &c., when we are a little more experienced.

"I have had such a nice quiet morning, only interrupted by the amiable little *conciierge*, who has just come to make the beds. She has three boys, and finds the charge of them *enorme*. What would she think of C. P.'s tribe? If you see Mrs. G., C. P., and C. C., will you tell them their Pastor remembers them expressly at family prayer?

"I have filled my sheet, and have other letters to write soon, so now farewell, dear Mrs. R.

"Your ever affectionate

"ANNIE."

Returned once more to England, she thus sums up her recollections:—

"June 8th, 1854.

"To that enclosure we owe a very pleasant part of our French trip—the acquaintance of that sweet, gentle Miss

W. Her sister was very kind to us, and at her house we had a peep into *fashionable* French life, such as I am very glad to have had, but would not wish repeated. How often have I recalled your words that evening, 'poor butterfly people!' without one thought apparently beyond the dress and amusement and coquetry of the passing hour. And now that sojourn is over, and a very, very happy one it was. We landed on the morning of the 6th, after a very tempestuous night, which made almost every one on board terribly sea-sick. I suffered less than many, and had many pleasant thoughts as I lay in my wee berth, moved longitudinally up and down at each toss of the ship. I am not sorry to have learnt a little experience and sympathy for those in such circumstances."

Our allusions to the Parisian excursion shall close with an extract from her private memoranda. Its meditative tone, and its length (differing from most of her entries), may be accounted for by the force of her emotion, as, leaning over the marble balustrades, and wrapped in thought, she had gazed on *the tomb of Napoleon*.

"On a massive pedestal in the centre stands the sarcophagus, the labour of years, cut in solid porphyry, the present of the Russian Emperor to Louis Philippe. On a strong scaffold beside it lay the cover, to be placed on the top when the remains of the Emperor are transferred to their tomb. I know not why, but there was something more impressive in that *empty* sepulchre, than if all had been completed. *One* scene more, and the wondrous drama will have closed, and, like Alexander and Cæsar, the conqueror of Europe will have finished his career—from the cradle to the tomb. And for each one of us, in all human probability, *somewhere*, in some

quiet churchyard, is the smaller space where our bones shall lie;—some little piece of white marble which shall form our monument. Oh, may that marble bear the record of victory, not at Marengo and Austerlitz, but 'through the blood of the Lamb'—'accepted in the beloved'—'asleep in Jesus.' Oh, how far nobler an inscription than 'Augustus Imperator!' "

In her letter of the following month, having incidentally noticed the backwardness of the season, making it difficult to realize that July had come, she adds—

"Then the thought occurs that I, too, am in mid-summer, the prime of life's brief season; not in July, perhaps, but past May. And how are the days passing? what fruit are they bearing? A few quiet home duties, a little work among the poor, much mental and physical indulgence, a good deal of sorrow to bear with and for others; such is the tenor of my life, and I know that 'here or nowhere' lies the task assigned to me. But the deeper hidden part, the 'warfare work,' the 'praying, praising work,' for all this I need rousing; and often I think how sudden and startling might be the waking as from a dream to those great realities which impress me so faintly. *Sometimes* I do feel them, but then they are overpowering, and things of time seem mere shadows. Oh, for grace to see all things in their true proportion, all brightened, harmonized, elevated, by their conscious connexion with our Father's will and love!"

On the question what might have been her "mental indulgence" at this particular period, an extract from her "book list" may throw some light:—

July.—ALTON LOCKE. Painfully true in fact, vivid in description, noble in aim, but wrong in tone, and I believe, mistaken in principle. "The kingdom of God" is not Christian Socialism.

Aug.—HERODOTUS (first book).

SOMERVILLE's "Connection of Physical Sciences." Only scraps read; I hope some time to master it.

July.—"Lyra Australia." Interesting little poems; some peculiarly sweet.

Aug.—HARDING's "Elementary Art."

B. R. HAYDON's Life and Journals. *Very* interesting in all that is personal to the man and the artist. Genius struggling, enjoying, suffering, despairing. Many lessons.

Sept.—FORSYTH (read, with the three next, at Rodyate Cottage, Congresbury), his Life. Admirable.

"Poor Paddy's Cabin." Facts prettily woven into a tale.

Dr. KITTO's "Bible Illustrations." The most attractive book of the kind I have seen.

Oct.—"Katie Stewart." A rather pleasing Scotch tale, of the "every-day romance" order.

HAWKINSON's "Poems." Some poetry; but perhaps the author did *all* he could have done.

"Visiting my Relations." Rather disappointing, both in style and principle. Not *amiable*.

Nov.—TREYCH's "Poems from Eastern Sources." A falling off, I fancy, from the former volume; with some masterly sketches.

HOWITT's "Seven Temptations." First chapter beautiful. Much power in delineating the power and growth of evil.

Dec.—Dr. BREWSTER's "More Worlds than One."

One of these entries shows that the season was not spent exclusively at home. She had an agreeable visit in the neighbourhood of Frome; and subsequently another at Congresbury, amid "lovely country, pure *country*, kind people, and congenial quiet and refinement." Hence, too, she visited the sweet residence and the resting place of Mrs. H. More, and felt it "a privilege to go and think of one so devoted, so useful in her day, at rest now in a fairer home." Another of these entries reminds

us that dear ANNIE was a student of the *classics*. To listen to her tasteful renderings of them was one of her father's evening recreations. The last book of the "*Æneid*," and the "*Œdipus Tyrannus*," were interrupted by that excursion to Bath which was so soon followed by her decease. But (thanks be to God!) there were *other* thoughts still more congenial than Virgil to her loving and devout spirit. The following meditation belongs to September of this year :—

"It is a sweet employment for spare moments on a Sabbath, to call up far distant churches and their congregations, and commend them to the One Father. I see them, one by one, as they rise to memory's eye:—the little whitewashed Welsh church, with the slate tombstone, inscribed in an unknown tongue. The stately cathedral, with its pillared, cool, gothic vaults: oh! how gloriously the sun is shining through those lofty windows, and playing on the dark carved oak! The Scotch church, beside Loch Tay's clear beautiful waters, sparkling now, just as they sparkled this day year, in the sun's last rays, ere he sunk behind the dark mountains. Our beautiful liturgy is wanting there, but I know that many a heart rises in heartfelt prayer, and we are one in His sight. The thronged city church, plain and unsightly, yet decked with slopes of attentive faces, that outdo as ornaments man's most gorgeous offerings. The tiny church in the park, or beside the parsonage, 'whose open door admits the fragrance of the distant sea'—Bonchurch, Compton, Elm, Everton, Marston, and how many others, that I love to think of. Then come dearer associations. *There* my precious friend is kneeling for the parting blessing from her much-loved pastor; there the little party hasten into

the Rectory [Morestead], to meet the patient smile of their cherished invalid. Ah, the hand of death is on her, and they know it, and dare not think of it. *She* knows it, too, and her meek lips form the unspoken words, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' Dear, much-tried, but deeply sustained ones, *fear not*, He will never leave her, never forsake you, through the way that looks so long, so mournful in perspective. And *there* is another group——"

ANNIE's previous birthday had drawn from her pen, reflections in prose. The birthday of 1854 produced, at the request of a devoted young friend, who was staying with her at her home, the following characteristic lines :—

"We stood at close of autumn day,
The golden sun had sunk to rest,
The hectic tints had passed away,
Yet light was lingering in the west.

And in the clouds, that lay so still,
Our fancy traced a lovely scene
Of sunbright field, and softened hill,
With silvery lake, and seas between.

We heeded not the gathering gloom,
The chilly breeze, the frost-struck flowers,
The blighted leaves that sought their tomb,—
For that fair pictured world of ours.

Thus, dear one, should we live to see
The autumn of life's fleeting year,
Though earthly scenes should darkened be,
And earthly hopes fall dry and sear :

Still may we raise a steadfast eye,
 From joys that wither round our way,
 To that bright landscape in the sky,
 Which nearer grows with life's decay.

May those calm fields and waters bright,
 Eternal hills and mansions fair,
 Shine clearer to our longing sight,
 Till we and all we love are there !

"Nov. 1st, 1854."

The following extract has reference to a subject which, from the large share it had occupied of ANNIE's time, and the direction it had given to her studies for the last six years, deserves a lengthened notice :—

"Nov. 28th, 1854.

"I have been writing for the QUESTIONING SOCIETY, almost for the last time, as it ends with this year. I shall miss it much, but could not vote for its continuance, as many members were resigning, and our kind secretary could not of course feel so much interest in a party of strangers. It has employed many hours pleasantly, and I hope not uselessly; at least it *must* be good to be compelled to a certain amount of research and composition in a definite direction. Will you set me a plan for still securing a little of those advantages? I am convinced that the more we are obliged to do, the more we can and do accomplish, and I am afraid the time hitherto rescued for the answers will leave no result if thrown into the common stock."

Well can the writer recall the gentle earnestness of dear ANNIE, ransacking every shelf (and seemingly wishing that the Bodleian were there to be

searched,) for a volume that should supply the best materials to answer each "question." The result has been, the finding in her neatly arranged drawers a large accumulation of such papers. To present from these a *selection* that shall do her justice, is simply impossible. Our aim shall be variety. The first "question" for each month was invariably of a *Scriptural* cast. Thus in June (1854) it was asked, "How many kinds of *idolatry* are mentioned in sacred Scripture?" and ANNIE furnished the following "answer:"—

"I think we can distinguish three senses in which idolatry is spoken of in Holy Scripture: (1) The worshipping false gods; (2) Adoration to material things introduced into the worship of God; (3) The giving of supreme love or trust to earthly objects. In the first sense, it applies to the heathen who 'know not God,' but who yet, prompted by the innate desire to worship *something*, paid homage to such natural objects as excited their wonder, fear, or admiration, or to such beings as their traditions or imaginations supplied. Such, in early times, was the practice of the whole world, save that one race to whom God had revealed Himself. And even they, fenced in as they were by countless institutions, precepts, and warnings, were continually turning aside to the 'vain imaginations' of their neighbours; they 'forsook the Lord, and followed Baal,' Moloch, and other false and polluting idols, from the first century of their establishment in Canaan till their return from the Babylonish captivity. By this gross and palpable kind of idolatry the early Christian converts among the Gentiles were surrounded: and it still, alas! reigns in the dark places of the earth, where the poor heathen 'do service to them that by nature are no gods.'

"In the second sense, it is the sin of those who, worshipping the true God, but losing the sense of His spiritual nature, make images of Him, or transfer to things connected with His service the adoration due to Him alone. Against this the Israelites were continually warned. 'Take heed that ye make no similitude, for ye saw no manner of similitude in the day that the Lord spake with you.' Aaron's golden calf, as well as those set up in Dan and Bethel by Jeroboam, was probably designed as a part of the tabernacle and temple service; and

the brazen serpent, made by God's own command, became an idol when it, not the Almighty Healer, received adoration. How sadly parallel to these is the worship paid to saints and pictures, to relics and images, to the wood of the cross, and the consecrated wafer. Setting out with the breach of a plain command, by *adding* to the worship of God, it results in exalting the creature above the Creator, and in a service as idolatrous as that of Juno or Astarte.

"The third kind is more covert, for it can coexist with a pure creed and a right worship: and who can stand clear from the charge—'These men have set up idols in their *heart*?' (Ex. xiv. 3.) Even God's good gifts may become a snare, if on them, and not on the Giver, the heart is allowed to lean. 'He that loveth'—even the nearest relatives—'more than Me, is not worthy of Me.' Especially is money, the love of which is the root of all evil, apt thus to entangle. *Covetousness* and *idolatry* are twice emphatically identified (Eph. v. 5, Col. iii. 5) in the New Testament. This kind of idolatry it was that sent the young man 'away sorrowful;' that led Ananias to falsehood and hypocrisy; that led Demas back to the world; and ever since has caused many to err from the faith, and has pierced them through with many sorrows.

"How salutary, then, the apostle's warning, 'Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth:' and even when writing to those who had long cast their graven images 'to the moles and to the bats,' how needful St. John's parting words, 'Little children, keep yourselves from *idols*.'"

The second specimen shall illustrate ANNIE'S diligent *research*. To what sources she was indebted for the following information the writer does not know. The "question" seems to have asked for instances of "*history embodied in single words*." ANNIE replies:—

"An American writer has called words '*fossil poetry*.' Mr. Trench adds that they are also '*fossil history*;' and truly, like those '*medals of creation*' in the natural world, so do they in the world of mind enshrine and preserve relics of a bye-gone age, vestiges of facts and feelings some times long extinct. Mr. Trench's own book contains a choice collection of these treasures, all beautifully arranged and ticketed; but not to borrow from his cabinet, let us go direct to the quarry, and try to hammer out a rough specimen or two.

"The word '*sterling*,' applied to money, is considered by the best authorities to be derived from '*Easterlings*,' a set of merchants employed,

soon after the Conquest, to regulate the coinage of England. When a pound of silver and a pound in money ceased to be equivalent, the word sterling was useful to indicate the current coin. And when, in 1606, a little confusion arose in Ireland from the use of coins of different values, it was ordered that only those which corresponded with the English should be called 'sterling money,' and the rest, 'current,' or 'Irish current money.'

" 'Carat,' used to denote both an actual weight and the degree of fineness of the precious metals, comes from 'kuare,' the name of a beautiful Abyssinian tree, the beans of which, being hard, and of uniform weight, have, from the earliest times, been used in Africa for the weighing of gold.'

" The Latin 'bascanda,' whence our own 'basket,' seems to have been a British word, and thus confirms the fact, mentioned by Martial and Juvenal, that the Ancient Britons excelled in wicker-work, and supplied the Roman market.

" 'Wass heal'—your health—is the origin of the 'wassail'-cup, whether there be truth or not in the story of the fair Rowena.

" 'Boh!' the word now used to frighten children, was the name, we are told, of the son of Odin, a great warrior, whose name alone struck his enemies with panic.

" 'Chemistry,' in its Greek form of *χημεία* is first met with in writings of the eleventh century. It is variously derived from 'Cham,' or Ham, from 'chems,' (Arabic, 'secret'), and from 'chymos,' a juice, and meant, at first, the art of turning metals into gold. With the advance of light and science, chemistry changed the objects of its research, leaving to its quondam synonyme, 'alchemy,' the task of transmutation. Many words tell little tales of former misapprehensions, as 'heliotrope,' 'lunar' caustic (silver and the moon being connected with each other). Others declare something concerning themselves which has ceased to be true, as 'electricity,' from amber; 'paper,' from the papyrus; 'potash,' 'lampblack,' 'hartshorn,' 'spynster,' &c.

" The Jews' language was full of historical words. The 'manna,' 'passover,' 'Sabbath,' &c., each recalled some thrilling association; and the names of places often told, in Judea, as, indeed, everywhere, of past memorable events.

" Many of the words we derive from the ancient Greeks and Romans give information respecting their customs. Thus, 'desultory,' from the 'desultores,' persons who, in the public games, rode two horses at once, and leaped from one to the other; 'rostrum,' from the brazen beaks of captured galleys with which C. Maximus decorated the tribunal of the forum. 'Mansiones' were at first the resting-places of the army for one or two nights only. Pliny uses the word for a day's journey; Suetonius for an inn; and now 'mansions' convey to us the idea of

earth's most permanent dwelling-places. 'February,' anciently the last month of the year, took its name from certain expiatory rites, 'februalia,' by which the people were then purified from the sin of the year.

"These are but poor specimens, unlike the interesting history lessons which Mr. Trench finds in words like 'pagan,' 'church,' &c.; but such are hard to find *when wanted*.

"*July, 1854.*"

Our third specimen gives ANNIE'S *own thoughts* on a subject on which, young as she was, practice had made her a kind of authority:—

"LETTER-WRITING does not, of course, include the manufacture of those treatises which are thrown into the form of letters, with the avowed design of publication; nor, perhaps, those short and formal productions which, but for the first and last lines, might pass for an extract from a local newspaper, 'births, deaths, and marriages,' weather and all. The idea of a letter is a communication from one friend to another, of 'thoughts, feelings, facts, and fancies'—a piece, in short, of the writer's *self*, laid out on paper, for the benefit of one absent person, and possessing for that one a value, from its *single-heartedness, life and affection*, wholly independent of its merits as a composition. And yet the mental qualifications of a letter are not to be despised. Of these, perhaps, the first is *clearness*—the power (rarer than might have been imagined) of saying what is to be said, so that by no possibility can it mean anything else; the second, *ease*, which practice, and practice alone, can give. Then there should be *judgment* in the choice of subjects, and *method* in their arrangement; *taste* in the selection of words, and *tact* in regard to the individuality of the person addressed.

"*These*, of course, no epistolary rules can supply. The *mind* itself must be orderly, cultivated, and endowed with refined perception, then the letter will bear its impress. And on these as a foundation may be raised a superstructure of information, wit, or imagination to any height the mind can attain, or circumstances render desirable.

"As far as my reading goes, I should name Cowper 'the prince of English letters-writers'; Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Jewsbury, Dr. Arnold, and, of course, M^{de}me. de Sevigné, and Lady M. W. Montague."

"*January, 1854.*"

A valued friend asks for one more specimen from the principal correspondence. He seems to

think that another unabridged letter would be like a final miniature study of ANNIE'S character. In deference to his judgment the following is inserted. The reader who may happen to be of her own age and standing, and of like susceptibility, will make her own comments on ANNIE'S treatment of the little annoyance which (from her uniform deportment towards dependents, we are sure,) was equally new and undeserved; and most readers will value the letter when told its history. An *unfinished* epistle had to be forwarded after her most unexpected decease; but this is the *last* of its kind which she herself transmitted :—

“Saturday night.

“MY DEAREST MARY ANNE—It is three weeks and more, since your precious notes came, and I have not yet told you how very, very welcome they were, as the announcers and proofs of your amendment. I was growing so heartsick, for tidings of you, and they did comfort me, though I fear you should not have exerted yourself in writing *quite* so long. I rejoice, darling, that you are no longer a prisoner, and by this time, I hope, with your *sisters* (did I read rightly?); and spending a happy Christmas together. Oh how thankful one feels for a quiet and peaceful home amid a time of so much trial, public and private. I know you must have thought me strangely silent on the all-absorbing topic, but I felt that your mind was dwelling only too constantly on it, and that to lead to other subjects, though but for a moment, was wiser and kinder.

“Besides, I cannot write or speak much of it. ‘The Lord reigneth;’ that is our comfort; and the assurance

that there will come a time, when 'they shall learn war no more.'

"I had begun another scribble to you, but it is superannuated now, for I seem to have had no leisure lately. And next week will not be idle, for I must prepare some little prizes, &c., for the Bible Class girls, who are to remain to tea on Saturday; and we are helping in a box to the Crimea. I have some books too to finish, (Sismondi's Italian Republics, and Dr. Brewster's absorbing 'More Worlds than One,') and if possible to paint some texts for a set of dear invalid girls, and write several letters. However the large scrolls are finished, and will make their public appearance to-morrow. They look well, but rather *small*. Papa is much pleased; mamma has not yet seen them, as they were made under the rose. My little pupil, too, will leave next week, and papa's being absent for a few days, will give *his* pupil a holiday, so I shall not be overworked. But indeed I think every one makes more of time than I do.

"And, another year is wearing away, soon to be numbered with the ages past! A year of mercies; oh how many to me and mine!

"I have been so struck lately with the text, 'Because thou servedst him not with joyfulness and gladness of heart, for the abundance of all things——.' Mine is an unthankful, fruitless life: I feel often like a shattered instrument without one string tuned to make melody; and, while it vibrates only too quickly to any earthly touch, there is no response to higher themes. Oh to enter with perfectly childlike feeling into the sweet childrens' hymn,

"Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend
And only wish to do or be,
Whatever seemeth good to THEE."

"But we must not end the year with complaints. Surely 'goodness and mercy *have* followed us,' and *will* follow

us 'all the days of our life.' I rejoice that your school prospers, and trust you will before long be there again.

"My Sunday class is larger and more mixed now: but most of my favourites are there still; and one of them especially is all I could desire in intelligence, affection, and lovely conduct. And now my sweet friend, good night. On Monday I hope to finish."

"25th.

"A happy Christmas to you! my dear one, and every best wish and blessing for the new year that is coming! How you will think of past Christmases and days and friends of yore! And oh, if saddened thoughts come thronging with the recollection of many dear ones gone, many waves of sorrow past, still I know you can see '*nothing but mercy*' in all the way our God has led you. That was an expression of yours at Clifton which struck me much, and was one of the many links which bound me to you. Dear, dear MARY ANNE, how few friendships, it seems to me, in this changing world, are lasting and precious as yours to me! I know *why* it is so; I know whose mercy gave and continues the priceless gift, and to Him be all the praise!

"May He crown you with peace and grace, if it may be with health and strength in the coming year! I do trust you are able to be out to-day, and to enjoy the services of the Sanctuary. One friend of ours was to be ordained to full orders yesterday, and I doubt not is now preparing to enter on his new functions this morning with the same feelings of dependence, yet comfort, with which he first began his ministry. May he be long a devoted servant in his Master's cause!

"Now, dear one, farewell. (I hope I have written away the little vexation caused by ——'s almost insolent manner, and shall be better able to turn to other things after a few minutes spent with you.) I came up stairs ready to cry, partly because I had foolishly told dear mamma

of the annoyance, and so (I fear) disturbed her Christmas-day. But these little things will come, and it is well. Many a kiss I long to give you. Your own loving

“ANNIE.”

It was about three weeks after writing this, Friday, January 19th, 1855, that ANNIE returned with her sister from spending a week at Bath, on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Kilvert.* Her sister had been suffering from an influenza cough; but ANNIE came home apparently bright, healthy, and blooming as she had ever been. The following Tuesday, the 23rd, she accompanied her father to Trowbridge, to attend a meeting of the Irish Church Missions. Her mother had hesitated, fearing lest, by exposure to the severe weather, she might increase a cold of which she had symptoms; but she gave her consent when ANNIE pleaded, “I promise, dear mamma, I *will* take care of myself to-morrow, and not go out.” She greatly enjoyed the Meeting, and had several sweet words of Christian intercourse with many dear friends. The next day (Wednesday) she *did* take care of herself; but was busied in copying one of Hunt’s effective pieces. On Thursday and Friday she remained in bed most of the days; nothing

* “The angel visit (writes the latter) can never be forgotten.” From the practised pen of the former it elicited the Latin epitaph, prefixed to these sheets. Of the truthfulness of that epitaph, were attestation required, it would be found in the care which the late Vicar of W., the Rev. W. Dalby, who knew her from her birth, has thought fit to expend in producing an English translation, already placed in many hands.

worse than a common cold being anticipated. On Saturday, however, the medical attendant was called in. On Sunday, the inflammation which had become so apparent on her lungs was in no way subdued. Leeches were applied. She was bled in the evening, and again on the Monday morning. But, in the interval, occurred an interview for which her parents will be thankful as long as memory remains. It ought to be premised that on the Sunday afternoon she had given plain indications that she thought this illness might prove her last :—

“Don’t grieve, dear papa, I *may* be better,—but, if not, we shall meet again.”

At another hour :—

“I have a great deal to make life sweet to me, yet I have for some time since been *rather* wishing to die early.”

But about two o’clock on the Monday morning, she so evidently felt herself to be sinking, that she sent and summoned her parents. As soon as she saw her mother, she said, “Dear mamma, I am so sorry to have disturbed you : but I feel my breath getting very short, and I have a great deal I want to say to you—and I am afraid I may not be able to say it, if I put it off any longer.”

Her parents laid themselves on the bed, one on each side of her, and entered into a conversation which lasted till six o’clock. They cannot look back to that conversation without intense wonder ;

amazed not only at ANNIE's composure, but at the calmness which she seemed to have communicated to themselves. Deep as was the loss they were sustaining, that conversation had all the air of a final interview between friends that were only parting for a definite voyage. In it they seemed to exhaust every topic that was of interest to her ;—almost every friend, rich and poor, being named, and honoured with a message of *love*, sometimes of caution or encouragement. Without drawing aside the veil unsparingly, it may not be inexpedient to record, for the satisfaction of her friends, a little that transpired on that memorable night, when she, who, through grace, had lived so near her SAVIOUR, was quitting the fond arms of her earthly parents for His !!

Several sentiments expressive of her own unworthiness and her Saviour's all-sufficiency, have escaped recollection. They were, however, most full, and in harmony with her principles in life. "It would be wrong," said she, "to doubt *now*."

Her mother having said to her, "Dear ANNIE, we will not give you up yet," she replied, "For *your* sakes I had rather live, but for my own I had rather die. If I could decide whether to go or stay, by holding up a finger, I do not think I should hold it up. It is in the *best* hands."

Her father quoted the dying words of Hooker, pausing at the expression, "I *submit* to it," and he

then asked if that were not the sentiment with which she wished to meet death. "But, papa," was her reply, "*submission* is a *cold* word." He then cited the aged Simeon's dying words, and these satisfied her.

She made several touching and grateful allusions to her own departure. "This is almost like dear grandmamma's death—*so* free from pain." "How happy it is that I retain my senses, or am not worn out by a long nursing." Or again, "Several of my friends were married by twenty-two," apparently grateful that she had no additional ties to burst. "I have not lost any of my friends by death, except dear grandmamma, but she was like the ripe shock of corn : you know one *could* not grieve for *her*."

"Have you any text," asked her mother, "that you would like placed on your monument?" "Yes, I have thought of *that*. 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that CHRIST JESUS came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am *chief*.' After a pause, she added, "There was another which I had previously selected, 'ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED.' " Her parents hailed the selection, and she replied, "Just as you please." Accordingly a "little piece of white marble," erected behind her wonted place at Church, now connects her chosen text with her beloved name.

In the course of the conversation she dropped the tender anxieties, "I am afraid you will be sorry

that you ever *had* me," "I am afraid you will *never* like this room again." It will be readily guessed how these gentle solitudes were allayed.

"Let my funeral," said she, "be a *simple* one; and do not let anything be said in my praise,—I have had so much in me that was *sinful*."

"Let me be buried on the *sunny* side of the churchyard, among the poor people—though just as you please—and then you will not pass my grave every Sunday, which would make you *sad*." Her mother replied, "I should not think of you *there*, but as in heaven." She rejoined, "No, don't speak of me as *buried*; and—don't let me be '*poor ANNIE*:' I do not think *poor* an appropriate expression for those who are with Christ."

Her father asked whether she would not like to partake of the Lord's Supper, in the course of her illness. She replied "Yes—very much; and then to have *done* with earthly ordinances—to go and 'drink it *new*.'"

Two or three interesting allusions to her past life occurred. "It seems a *long* time that I have lived—twenty-two years!" "I have *loved* flowers—I always thought them the most unfallen part of creation—but that is *over* now." It was not quite over: later in her illness she remembered where to send for one of the blossoms of a luxuriant Christmas rose, and took a gentle pleasure in receiving it. She also remarked, "I don't think

we sufficiently seek the gift of the HOLY SPIRIT, or honour Him *enough* !" In connexion with the text, "Goodness and mercy have followed me," &c., her father said, "Yours has been a happy life, ANNIE." Her answer was, "Yes. I think that excursion to North Wales was one of the greatest treats that any human being could enjoy." Allusion was made to the classics, and she said, "I have had pleasure in the classics that you read with me. 'Tis a good thing to cultivate the mind. I have great delight in remembering Greek verses ;" and upon this she repeated one of the last in the New Testament, adding, "that is right—is it not?"

Only one gloomy remark is remembered : it had reference to the scenes she was leaving ; and right glad was her father when that topic was dropped. "Sin is a *dreadful* thing. 'Tis *very* sad to see so *many* living in it."

Her numerous allusions to individuals are too personal to be read by her friends generally. Here, however, are two specimens :—"Dear Aunt E., I should like to have seen her once more. I hope uncle C. will have much enjoyment in his new house." "My poor factory girls ! I hope God will raise up some one to take an interest in them. My work among them was only just begun : but God is not at a loss for agents." To her parents she said : "I hope you will go bye and bye to some *quiet* place by the sea." And again, "What *nice*

letters you will have from our friends!" adding, almost playfully, "I should *like* to read them!" "You will have many mercies left you still"—explaining herself by one or two almost Christianly philosophical remarks.

After saying, "Dear Carry will have the watch you gave me," and after directing how her Savings' Bank money should chiefly be disposed of, she said, "let the rest be divided among my three favourite societies." "Which are they?" "Oh, the Church Missionary, the Pastoral Aid, and the Bible Society."

Her love for holy TEXTS remained with her to the last. At her mother's request she promptly named one for her, and another for her father. Several were quoted in the course of the conversation, such as, "When I awake up after thy likeness, I shall be *satisfied* with it." In keeping with this was a wish expressed by her that Christ Church should be adorned with a succession of texts; she named several which she deemed appropriate, and then inquired, "You like those which are there, do you not, mamma?" Over the mantel-piece of the bedroom stood a text. It had been written by herself in old English characters, and given to her mother as a birthday present in the course of the month. Looking up at it from her pillow, she remarked, "That was done just *in time*, was it not?" It was indeed a seasonable motto, "Thou wilt keep him

in *perfect peace*, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

Yes. She was kept in *perfect peace*; and these are a few of her tranquil expressions, uttered on that memorable night, and pencilled down in the morning. Their order is not preserved, but her very words are given, as nearly as they could be recalled. Their utterance was rendered rather more impressive, perhaps, by pauses occasioned by the state of her breathing; but in every other respect, she spoke in the same gentle, graceful, loving tone, and with the same composed readiness for reply, which all ANNIE's more intimate friends so fondly remember. The whole interview had the air, not of sadness, but of being held on the eve of a long but happy journey, or perhaps at the vestibule of Paradise. It closed, by general consent, with a portion of the Visitation Service.

It was about four o'clock on the Monday afternoon that the deepest domestic trial began. ANNIE's loving mother had, until that time, waited on her, but she was then peremptorily required to attend to *her own* health. "Never," writes her sister, Mrs. Knight, who from this time took the mother's place, "never can I forget her look of anguish, as she said, 'Well, I must part from this dear child for ever!'" She retired, and was too ill to see her again, either alive or dead!

In the course of that evening ANNIE had a short

interview with each of the servants—seriously and kindly taking her leave of them. After midnight, Dr. Watson, from Bath, saw her, and confirmed the worst apprehensions. On Tuesday, to borrow her aunt's beautiful and simple narrative, "during the whole day she was so placid, so gentle, and for the slightest attention looked up so lovingly, and with her sweet smile would repeatedly say, 'Thank you!' On giving her some little thing to moisten her parched lips, she more than once said, 'Dear Aunt Jane, you are a *beautiful* nurse.' She would say, 'Why are so many nice little things prepared for me?' and again, 'It seems as if all the house would take trouble for *me*.' She would ask how her dear mamma was." No effort was made to invite her to conversation. Once, however, during the two days, when her father approached her, she said, "This is like what Miss Graham speaks of—the taking out the pins of the tabernacle." Another time, he said, "How many of us would like to possess your composure at such an hour!" but she replied, "I am only leaning upon HIM who came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am *chief*." Once or twice, when he impressed a kiss on her loved forehead, it brought round her eye to fix upon him a treasured look of pleasure and of love. Instances of her patient submission to painful remedies, when her own opinion was that they would prove unavailing, are perhaps too minute for a

printed document. Her kind medical attendant was deeply touched by them, and has repeatedly said, that if she had been calculating on some approaching earthly treat, she could not have been more pleased than now, in the thought of going "*home*."

To that blessed "*home*" her spirit repaired, about half-past four on the Wednesday morning, no bodily struggle attending its flight. None of the many friends who saw them will forget the sight of her lovely remains during that solemn week, or, least of all, on the evening when, embowered in flowers, they were beheld for the last time. Her funeral, according to her own wish, was simple, but rendered characteristic by the attendance of the poor girls of her "Saturday class." The churchyard was thronged. Her precious remains repose on its "sunny side." The Rev. E. Strickland gave utterance to the widely-felt hope of her "resurrection to eternal life." Her funeral sermon, which hundreds have since delighted to peruse, and of which an extract is annexed, was preached by the friend of her childhood. On the Sunday evening, the Rev. Chas. Fripp sustained the deep interest of an affectionate congregation, by the tender reminiscences of *one* who "no longer saw through a glass darkly, but to face." He knew her well. In the course of last year, she had spent a happy week or two at *ouse*, as well as at the residence of the revered

Rector of Brixton Deverill, who, on the previous Sunday, had likewise paid a hearty and truthful tribute to her memory.

May that memory be blessed to all who retain it ! Even though it may have commenced with the reading of these pages, may it issue in something more sterling than the mere admiration of youthful piety ! May it, through the power of the Holy Ghost, help to attract the hearts of those who knew her personally, towards that SAVIOUR whom she loved on earth, and now dwells with in Paradise ! May it especially and sweetly influence the hopes of her parents and her sisters, until her fond wish is realized, and

“ WE SHALL MEET AGAIN ! ”

APPENDIX.

ALL who knew ANNIE were sensible that hers was a mind capable of looking with exquisite delight on the fairer portions of the works of God. It was evident to them that she had a keen relish for the beautiful, whether seen in the flower, the landscape, or the sky ; and a delicate appreciation of all that was refined and lovely, especially of moral excellence. Knowing her to be possessed of these elements of poetry, they naturally expected that her papers would be found to contain thoughts, not a few, clothed in a poetic dress. For a long time, however, they seemed likely to be disappointed. It was not till the first edition of the Memoir was actually in the binder's hands, that their expectation was realized. In the portfolio of an unused work-box there were then discovered, pencilled on scraps of paper, as many as forty pieces of ANNIE's poetry. Some of these have since been identified as occurring in letters to her friends, but they had been introduced in so casual a way, as to leave it doubtful whether the composition were her own. Happily the state in which they now came to light, put their

originality beyond a question. Of the entire number, one only dated as late as 1852. There were several bearing the early date of 1847. The reader who may like to possess a specimen of the latter, will make an indulgent allowance for the productions of a girl of fifteen.

CONSUMPTION.

I see a grim and ghastly band,
 Pass slowly o'er a weeping land ;
 Famine and pestilence are there ;
 Each hideous shape which death can wear ;
 But who art thou, with stealthy pace,
 And mournful loveliness of face ?
 Fixing on me thy piercing glance,
 Which holds me in a fearful trance,
 As if thy keen unerring dart
 Already rankled in my heart ?

I know thee—by the hectic streak
 Of treach'rous crimson on thy cheek ;
 I know thee—by thy stature high,
 The glassy brilliance of thine eye ;
 Thy slender frame and shortened breath ;—
 CONSUMPTION, loveliest form of death !

May, 1847.

THE BROTHER'S DEATH.

She holds her dying brother's hand, and gazes on his eye,
 Or steals along with softened tread, his wishes to supply ;
 For she has nerved her tender frame to bear the last sad
 scene,
 And now she sits beside his bed, pale, suffering, but serene.

Oh ! none can tell the weight of grief which wrings that
 youthful heart,
 From him, her dearest earthly tie, ordained so soon to
 part ;
 For she has seen her parents both, and two sweet sisters
 fair,
 All laid within the silent tomb, and *he* is hastening there.

His soul is calm, for Christ has taught his heaven-aspiring
 mind,
 E'en in the gloomy vale of death, sweet springs of peace to
 find.
 If aught disturb his spirit's peace, it is the thought that
 she,
 Alone in this cold sinful world, must now a wanderer be.

Not many anxious days and nights beside his couch are
 past,
 The unrelenting hand of death has seized his prey at last.
 Looks he not fair and peaceful, laid within his coffin bed ?
 For from his face each earthly shade of pain and grief is
 fled.

She sits beside him, and her tears bedew his pallid brow,
 Weep on, poor mourner, for thy grief cannot afflict him
 now ;
 Yet sorrow not in wild despair, thy brother is at rest,
 His ransom'd soul is landed safe in regions of the blest.

And deem not that thy future life must prove unmingled
 gloom ;
 Nor vainly wish that thou wert laid beside him in the tomb.
 His God is thy God, and ere long his heaven shall too be
 thine ;
 Oh, set thy heart's affection there, and thou wilt not repine.

October, 1847.

The following lines bespeak a tendency which might soon have been carried to an injurious extreme. Happily, ANNIE was led to discover the undesirableness of living too much in an ideal world of her own. All her friends can remember the success with which she applied herself to answer the claims of social life, and (to borrow an expression of her own) "strove to be *practical*." But the natural bias of her mind is clearly discoverable in this short record of her early feelings.

And some there were I loved in early youth,
 With a most deep affection, yet most strange,
 For in it there was nought of earthly love ;
 I never spoke of them, or not in praise ;
 Was pleased to be beside them, for my breast
 Would throb at their approach ; but far more pleased
 To stand at distance from them, and to catch
 Each transient glow that flashed upon the face :
 I ever sought to watch, but not to meet,
 Till I grew one with them, and seemed to feel
 But as *they* felt, to see but as *they* saw.
 My happiness was theirs. I hardly wished
 To have them near me, lest with me their hearts
 Should pine for other scenes. To me they were
 Ethereal essences or lovely forms,
 Haunting my solitude, and blended still
 With every fairest sight in earth or sky ;
 Not earth-born and exposed to sin and woe,
 Like all on earth beside. Yet such they were,
 And one by one they faded from my view,
 Or lost the fair ethereal hue with which
 My foolish fancy had encircled them.
 So let them fade. Enchanting dreams, farewell.

Thus vanish from my idolizing heart,
 Till life appear in its own colours dressed,
 Of ceaseless change or stern reality,
 And nothing perfect, nothing true but Heaven.

August 9, 1848.

Those who had witnessed ANNIE's enjoyment
 of Ventnor, of Paington, and the Dartmoors, can
 best understand her lines on the

SPRING.

May 4th, 1849.

Whence hast thou come, once more, ethereal spring,
 To cheer and beautify this world of ours ?
 To bid the wood with choral voices ring,
 And deck the fields with rainbow-coloured flowers ?
 Thy deep mysterious loveliness o'erpowers
 My languid heart, and, as I sit and muse,
 Visions of other springs, and other hours
 Come o'er my soul, in softly shaded hues ;
 Till on the past I live, and present feelings lose.

Oh could we call them back, those happy days,
 When free from care we sported in the shade,
 And wove bright wreathes of hyacinth and mayes,
 Or daisy-chains, and cowslip-playthings made ;
 Or when beside old ocean's waves we played,
 Building frail bridges o'er the crystal stream,
 Or on the down, or through the pasture strayed !
 Oh, could we but those childish days redeem,
 What price on earth too dear, to stay their flight, would
 seem ?

Yes ! I have tasted of earth's purest treasure,
 For I have roamed through many a lovely scene ;
 My soul hath quaffed deep draughts of silent pleasure,

When she alone with nature's works hath been.
 Yes ! I have loved the spring's delicious green,
 The soft reviving breath of morning air,
 The rippling waters with their lustre sheen,
 The foaming torrent, and the mountains bare,
 When nought of human form save mine was stirring there.

But not alone such visions of the *past*
 Their vernal beauties to my spirit bring,
 For fancy's eye her fairy tints hath cast
 O'er the dim view of many a *coming* spring.
 Oh wherefore fetter fancy's roving wing,
 And only live in stern reality ?
 For happiness is a most priceless thing,
 And we should gather up each smallest spray
 Of memory or of hope, to deck our present way.

Oh part them never. When we fondly turn
 Back to the days of childhood's fairy dream,
 And when our hearts with fond remembrance burn,
 Let future prospects brightly intervene :
 And, as we number o'er each cherished scene,
 The eyes, the voice, the looks of vanished years,
 Hope still shall whisper in her tone serene,
 Our Father's love his childrens accents hears—
 Still hath he stores of bliss to dry our faithless tears.

Why should we ever sigh, or sadly weep
 O'er present woes, or joys too bright to last,
 Whilst memory in her treasure house [doth heap]
 Volumes of providence and mercies past ?
 And whilst the untried future still can cast
 Some beacon ray, our fainting steps to cheer ?
 And bid us watch the buds unfolding fast
 Which wrap the germ of many a blessing dear
 To crown our future path, and make the world less drear ?

But deeper far than these ;—in the dread hour
 Of bitter anguish, or of crushing woes,
 When fearful thoughts the sinking soul o'erpower,
 And life seems feebly ebbing to its close :
 When earth presents no hope, and can disclose
 Sin only to the retrospective eye :
 Where shall the trembling spirit find repose ?
 Jesus, 'tis found in Thee ! If Thou be nigh,
 Who in Thy death hath part, no more may fear to die.

The next piece, if not deeply poetical, is eminently characteristic.

This is a world of woes, and every heart
 Knows its own bitterness ; but why shouldst thou,
 Whose lot is cast on earth's serenest part,
 Sit thus, with mournful eye and drooping brow ?

Rich in earth's purest blessings—peace and health,
 With no distracting cares to break thy rest ;
 And counting o'er thine undiminished wealth
 Of friends, to share the feelings of thy breast.

Thou hast not yet by sad experience learned
 That this bright world is but a 'vale of tears ;'
 Thou hast not yet with sick'ning anguish turned
 From the bright hues that deck thine earliest years.

"But cares will come." Ah ! chase that dread away,
 Nor vainly seek to bear a future load ;—
 Sufficient is the burden of to-day ;
 Cast all the rest upon thy cov'nant God.

"But guilt is all around, without, within ;
 Is there not here a cause for ceaseless woe ?"
 And is there then no sacrifice for sin ?
 Or has the "balm of Gilead ceased to flow ?"

Hast thou not sought, 'midst unbelief and fear,
 To wash thy sins in that pure fountain's wave ?
 Is His ear heavy that it cannot hear ?
 Or His arm shortened, that it cannot save ?

"But dear ones suffer now by anxious care,
 Or pain's sharp thorns upon their path are strewn."
 Commit them to their father's love in prayer ;
 He doth 'not willingly afflict' His own.

Shrink not, repine not at the painful thought,
 Of all their pains and tribulations sore.
 Content, if each may safely home be brought,
 And rest with Jesus on the eternal shore.

Sunday, Feb. 24th, 1850.

It appears that ANNIE had designed a little series of stanzas on the cognate subjects, DARKNESS, MOONLIGHT, MORNING, SUNSHINE and TWILIGHT. The first and third are wanting ; but here are her thoughts on the remaining three.

MOONLIGHT.

Yes, such is life ; in youth's bright dream,
 When fancy's moonlight power
 Pours silver light on wood and stream,
 And touches with a fairy gleam
 Each swiftly passing hour.

Hush ! softly speak ; for who would burst
 The magic of that spell ;—
 Crush the young dream by fancy nursed ;—
 Dispel that gleam—the best—the first,
 That o'er the landscape fell ?

But see, where wreathing dark and wide,
 There rises in the West,
 A veil of clouds the sky to hide,
 To quench the moonbeam's silvery pride
 With their o'ermentling vest.

So sorrow slowly, surely moves
 To dim the young heart's way,
 Dimming the objects that it loves,
 The light of fancy's sky removes,
 Scarce leaves one cheering ray.

And in the silence of that gloom
 Sad thoughts the spirits fill—
 The fear of death, the ghastly tomb—
 In that once joyous breast have room,
 And dreams of boding ill.

But 'midst the darkness brooding there,
 Another light shall rise
 To chase the darkness of despair,
 To shed a light more true, more fair,
 And point it to the skies.

March, 1851.

“SUNSHINE.

No cloud upon the azure sky,
 No veil of mist the sun to hide ;
 The joyous breeze sweeps freshly by,
 And bright the slanting sunbeams lie
 On all the landscape, fair and wide.

No cloud upon the spirit now,
 No aching heart, no blinding tears,
 No throbbing pulse, no burning brow ;
 But joy, and health's delicious glow,
 O'er all the scene of life appears.

Life in its fairest hues is drest,
 E'en like the Spring's reviving green ;
 Gone is the weight of care which prest
 So lately on the anxious breast,
 And cast a gloom on every scene.

In such bright moments we forget,
 Or half discard it for a space,
 That life's short scroll with tears is wet,
 And that a wilderness is yet
 Our only earthly dwelling-place.

Oh ! prize such moments, they are brief :
 The sweet delusion cannot last ;
 For pain will come, and doubt, and grief,
 And the faint spirit seek relief
 And shelter from the chilling blast.

Yet dim not such an hour as this
 With thought of sorrow yet to come ;
 Drink thankfully thy cup of bliss,
 And own, amidst thy happiness,
 That this fair world is not thy home."

"TWILIGHT.

It might not be, it could not last ;
 The flush of joy, the sunbeam clear,
 Together came, together past ;
 The sparkling rays have faded fast
 To stillness, yet more calm and dear.

The breeze that flew on rapid wing
 Is hushed into a deep repose ;
 The happy birds have ceased to sing,
 And scarce a sound of living thing
 Disturbs the calm of evening's close.

Sweet peace ! thou fond familiar guest,
 Our gleams of transient joy are rare :
 But the confiding humble breast
 Is often with thy presence blest,
 And finds thee always, everywhere.

Like twilight o'er the chastened soul,
 Thy soft and mellowing light is shed :
 We yield us to thy mild control,
 And scarcely, in our inmost soul,
 Grieve that the brilliant day is fled.

Peace broodeth o'er the evening bower,
 When the last crimson lights decay ;
 Or, when the storm has ceased to lower,
 It reigns at midnight's solemn hour ;
 Or at the earliest break of day.

Peace fills the soul that, day by day,
 Leans on the Saviour's strength alone,
 And meekly thankful can survey
 The sure, the tried, the guarded way
 By which her God hath led her on.

The solemn final hour of death—
 When life and all its conflicts cease—
 It cheers, till the last parting breath ;
 The ransomed spirit ushereth
 To an eternal world of peace."

"I am afraid," (she once wrote to her correspondent F.,) "I don't know any of your friends at Brighton ; but give my love to the beautiful SEA, that long loved friend." The same thought she had previously expanded as follows :—

TO THE SEA.

Mine early friend ! friend of my happiest hours,
Of a most happy childhood, by whose side
I oft have wandered, seeking ocean flow'rs,
Or pebbles glittering in thy sparkling tide !
Oh, I have mark'd thee when thy surface wide,
Glassy and mirror-like, was hush'd to rest ;
And I have gaz'd upon thy foaming pride,
When stormy billows heav'd thy swelling breast,
And still at every change methought
I loved thee best.

Oh, may I roam again along that shore,
And hold sweet converse with thee! Years have pass'd,
And many a storm has swept thy bosom o'er,
And many a wave, since I beheld thee last.
Yet have I heard thee in the solemn blast
Of the pine grove; have seen thee in my sleep,
And in the sunset clouds that faded fast,
And left me still to long for thee, and keep
Thine image ever in my heart serene,
And lone, and deep.

July 7th, 1851.

The following is the shorter of two pieces, written on two consecutive days, expressive of her grief at parting with a young lady of great personal beauty, who had won much on ANNIE'S affection. She has quickly followed ANNIE to "the gates of the eternal Port."

August 1st, 1831.

I knew not that my heart
 Could feel such love again : for I had deemed
 That the precocious flower, that sent its frail
 And drooping buds so prematurely forth,

Must needs be blighted now, and never more
 Turn with such fondness to an earthly stay.
 Yet so it is; and must I—must we—part
 Just when our hearts beat fondest? when we loved
 To read each other's inmost thoughts, to hold
 Sweet converse, or communion yet more sweet,
 In silent twilight, 'mid the garden bowers?
 Those happy hours; are they for ever past?
 Gone, like a deep dark wave of ocean? Time
 Sweeps them to darkness, but their memory still
 Shall linger near my heart; it cannot die.
 And must we part? Dearest, I shrink to say
 'Farewell to thee!' Far o'er life's darksome main,
 I strain my anxious vision, to descry
 Thy future path; and trembling love grows sad,
 And, seeing nought, conjures a thousand things.
 Hush, faithless murmuring spirit, though the track
 Be hidden from thine earnest gaze,—be still.
 There *is* an eye that marks its precious freight;
 There *is* a love that guides it on its way,
 Unguided by thy trembling love, but steered
 By the kind Saviour's hand; and evermore
 Borne upward by the everlasting arms
 Of deathless love, it shall pursue its way—
 On, on; through waves, in sunshine and in storm—
 On to the gates of the eternal port—
 On to the rest of the Redeemed! My friend,
 Be it my happy lot to meet thee there!

MY BIRTHDAY.

I used to notice its approach with infinite delight
 And count the long October days, so tardy in their flight;
 But now I grudge their rapid course, and long to bid them
 stay,
 Because they bring so quickly on the first November day.

Eight childish years ! how long they seem'd, and yet how
blest they were !

I was a rosy infant then, with curling flaxen hair,
Dancing for very joy to think of a *whole* holiday,
The brightest spot in all the year, the first November day.

Few were the late autumnal flowers the garden beds could
yield,

But we had watch'd them carefully, their opening buds
to shield ;

And there were always daisies blue, and periwinkles gay,
To form a birthday garland for the first November day.

Oh, ever cheerful was the fire that made the hearth so
bright,

But ne'er as on that morn it glow'd with half so glad a
light ;

And brighter yet the happy looks that circled round its
blaze,

That wished the little queen might see many November
days.

The reader of the following lines will remember
that 1851 was the last year of ANNIE's aged relative,
alluded to in the Memoir.

THE MORNING STAR.

I saw thee when full many a gem

Shone on the morning's brow,

Of all her starry diadem,

The loveliest, brightest, thou.

I gazed on many a star that burn'd

In the unclouded air,

But oftenest to the East I turn'd,

For thou wert there.

I saw thee still when early dawn
 Had melted into day,
 When every twinkling star was gone,
 Except thy diamond ray ;
 I watched them one by one depart,
 But thou wert all my care ;
 I sought thee like a friendly heart,
 And thou wert there.

I sought thee when the glorious sun
 Had left th' horizon clear
 His latest daily course to run,
 And end the closing year.
 I gazed upon the arch of blue,
 And sought thy radiance fair,
 I saw thee not, but still I knew
 That thou wert there.

And then I thought of one most kind,
 Who loved me from my birth ;
 And never can I hope to find
 A truer friend on earth.
 Shedding a gentle light like thine,
 Her lamp shone bright and clear,
 And calm and peaceful her decline—,
 She is not here.

Beloved ! revered ! I cannot end
 The year that was thy last,
 Until a thankful glance I send
 O'er all the happy past.
 Now should this earth more transient seem,
 And heaven appear more fair ;
 For sure it is no idle dream,
 That thou art there !

We miss thy fond and partial love,
 We miss thy gentle eye ;
 No other star in heaven above,
 Will shine so faithfully.
 But thou art safe on Sion's hill,
 Oh ! be it then our care,
 Thy humble faith to follow still,
 And meet thee there !

Dec. 31st, 1851.

"THEY ARE NO MORE."

"They are no more." Oh ! sadly fall
 Those words upon my ear ;
 Visions of sorrow they recall,
 They waken thoughts of fear.
 I know not *all* their bitterness,
 Which wrings the bosom's core ;
 Yet on my boding heart they press—
 "They are no more."

Brief words ! yet what a tale they tell
 Of anguish and of care !
 The long and passionate farewell,
 The deep, concealed despair ;
 The sunlight of our early days,
 The joys for ever o'er,
 The hopes that faded from our gaze—
 "They are no more."

Yes ; earth's best, precious things must fade,
 Her glories pass away ;
 Her fairest forms in dust be laid,
 Her brightest hopes decay.
 Oh ! for that land of perfect peace,
 That bright and stormless shore
 Where sin and sorrow cease—
 "They are no more."

All these compositions are in pencil, except one. This is an undated set of blank verses, taking their rise from the quotation "OTHER THOUGHTS WILL COME WITH OTHER YEARS."

Yes, *they* are changed.

And we ourselves are changed. Am I the same ?
The sprightly, tearful child of yore, who played,
Companioned by her own wild dreams, at even,
And whose young warm affections took a tone
Deeper and deeper still, till all my soul
In *one* blind torrent poured its fulness forth ;
Yet loved to shroud itself from human eye,
And with the woods, and waves, and starry skies,
Held voiceless converse, still on one dear theme
Conversing, worshipping its own ideal.
That vision faded, yet its memory still
Enshrined in the heart's inmost depths doth dwell.
And have I ceased to love ? Have I ? Oh, no ;
And half sometimes I think that far away,
One may abide, whom I have never seen,
Perchance shall never see, who might again
Kindle the heart's deep passion, and revive
That precious lost idea of perfection.
It may be—that I know not—cannot know.

We are a riddle to ourselves, we know
Little of what we *were*, less what we are,
Far less of what we shall be ; for to-morrow
May bring a flush of sorrow or of joy,
That shall enkindle in us a new life.
Yes ; there are hours that burn into the brain,
And leave an image there, that neither time
Nor any earthly hand can e'er efface.
And such have made us what we are ; we toil
Or glide along the sluggish tide of life,
Con our appointed lesson, or fulfil

The daily round of our appointed life.
 This we call education : but we err ;
 A few brief scattered hours of rapturous joy,
 Or deepest anguish—these are our true life ;
 And these have made, and make us what we are.
 But, content thee—

“ Casting down imagination, and every high thought that
 exalteth itself against the knowledge of God.”

The occasion and date of the following is unknown.

Parent, with thy shortened breath,
 On the bed of anguish lying,
 Feeling the approach of death,
 And thy helpless children crying :—
 Sayst thou, who for thee shall care,
 When my link of life is broken ;
 When for me my infants wear
 Of unconscious loss the token ?

Child, that round thy parent's bed
 In unspoken anguish waitest,
 Feeling that the conflict dread
 Draweth near—the worst—the latest.
 Midst the deepness of thy grief
 Does the anxious question waken,—
 Who shall bring the bud relief
 When the parent stem is taken ?

Thou, whom yet a sterner blow
 Prostrate to the dust is bending ;
 That which laid thy husband low
 Thine own gentle bosom rending :
 In the anguish of a care,
 Than which earth knows nothing deeper,
 Art thou tempted to despair,
 Widowed mourner, lovely weeper ?

Ye, whom want or sickness press ;
 Whom the world hath mocked unkindly ;
 Or who mourn the changed address
 Of the friends ye loved so blindly ;
 Hear that One—the Saviour—say,
 “Think not sadly of the morrow ;
 Here your heavy burden lay,
 Leave to me your every sorrow.

Hold awhile your sobbing breath ;
 To the words of comfort listen :
 Soon the eye that shuts in death
 With the light of heaven shall glisten.
 I will be the orphan’s stay,
 I the widow’s lot will brighten,
 Wipe the mourner’s tears away,
 All their heavy burdens lighten.

Guide the heedless steps of youth,
 O’er life’s untried pathway bounding ;
 And the aged’s pathway smooth,
 Shades of night his feet surrounding.
 On my word and promise rest,
 Which shall prove deceitful never ;
 Thus reposing thou art blest,
 Safe from care, and safe for ever.”

We have seen the uses to which ANNIE applied her extensive knowledge of Scripture. The following fragment may illustrate her appreciation of the Liturgy.

“In all times of our wealth
 Good Lord deliver us.”
 Hath earth *no* joys ? Oh hast thou never known
 The rapture of fond interchanging love ?

The ecstasy of wand'ring forth alone,
 Bright flowers around thee, and blue heavens above—
 The calm delight of self forgetfulness?

Yet in thine hours of bliss, and joy, and health,
 Will vaguely on thy fainting spirit press—
 "Deliver us, in all our time of wealth."

YES, I HAVE LOVED !

Yes, I have lov'd !—I have lov'd the sea,
 So like the changeful breast ;
 I have lov'd its hush'd tranquillity,
 I have lov'd its wild unrest.

Yes, I have lov'd !—I have lov'd the sky,
 With its cloudless vault of blue,
 Or when from a thousand lamps on high,
 It glitter'd with starry dew.

Yes, I have lov'd !—I have lov'd each flower ;
 The humblest weed that blows,
 To me is a kindred heart whose power
 Can bring to my soul repose.

Yes, I have lov'd !—I have lov'd the streams,
 With their dream-like lilies dight ;
 I have lov'd the first bright morning beams,
 And the last wan tints at night.

Yes, I have lov'd !—I have lov'd the brow
 Of the mountains, to which 'tis given
 To raise the soul from this world below,
 More near to its home in heaven.

Yes, I have lov'd !—I have lov'd the rill,
 With its silver-tinkling chimes,
 And the murmuring harp-like tones that thrill
 Through the sombre grove of pines.

Yes, I have lov'd !—I have lov'd the bird
 That soar'd in the morning ray,
 And the minstrel lone whose notes are heard
 In the hush of the twilight grey.
 Oh, yes ! I have loved—I have loved.

Ah, well and wisely hast thou lov'd,
 For Nature's face is fair ;
 And cold the heart that views unmov'd
 Her glories everywhere.

Yet human love is a stronger thing,
 And deeper, and more intense
 Is the fervent love with which we cling
 To beings of life and sense.

Say, hast thou not sought, or fail'd to find,
 In this world so chill and wide,
 The priceless jewel—a kindred mind
 To receive thy love's fond tide ?

Oh, yes ; I have lov'd the gentle band,
 In my childhood's home that smiled,
 I have lov'd the touch of my mother's hand,
 And my father's accents mild.

I have lov'd the playmates of early years,
 The friends of my inmost heart,
 Whose worth each revolving spring endears,
 Who cannot ere life depart.

I have lov'd the eyes with genius bright,
 The voices with music fraught,
 And bask'd in the rapture of beauty's light,
 And soared with the wings of thought.

* * * *

Whatever the allusions that follow, may these
 lessons be learned by the reader and the transcriber !

AFFECTION.

Yes ! 'twas a bright and happy dream !
 Yet comes at last the hour to wake.
 When vanished is the radiant beam,
 The heart may bleed ; it must not break.

Yes ! 'twas a fair, unsullied flower,
 Too fair, *too* pure on earth to shine.
 Its beauty were an angel's dower,
 How could it dwell in hands like thine ?

Bright were the tints, and richly blent,
 And fair the fabric thou didst weave.
 But life's rude touch the web hath rent,
 And left thee o'er its wreck to grieve.

Oh dull of heart and slow to learn,
 The lesson which these words contain !
 On every fair but earthly urn
 Is written, " thou shalt thirst again !"

" Thirst !" Ay, thine inmost soul has known
 The heart's wild cravings ; that is o'er.
 There is a fountain where alone
 Thy soul may drink, and " thirst " no more !

Oh Saviour ! ere the wreath we twined at morn
 Has faded to a senseless, charmless thing,
 Help us in no repining grief or scorn,
 To yield to THEE the treasured offering !

Help us to part with every idol dream
 That rose between our rebel souls and thee.
 Oh ! be thine arm our stay, thy love our theme,
 Our longings fixed on thine eternity !

March 13, 1852.

“WEARY.”

Weary of suffering—soon the pang has found us
 Of sorrow, with its dull and heavy pain ;
 Weary of sin within us, and around us,
 Weary of self—that idol false and vain.

Weary of this vile heart, for ever turning
 Restless and stormy, as the wave-toss'd sea ;
 Weary of this poor world, so often spurning
 The hearts that it hath lured to misery.

Weary of all—of pleasure's idle seeming,
 Of learning, pomp, and riches' empty show ;
 Weary of thinking, feeling, hoping, dreaming,
 Weary of all that binds our hearts below.

Of all but JESUS, He who bade the weary,
 The heavy laden, come to him for rest ;
 Saviour ! let all beside be dim and dreary,
 We mourn not if it bring us to thy breast.

FAREWELL.

Farewell ! I have no words besides,
 My spirit's deep desires to tell,
 Yet still with this my love abides ;
 We may not meet, but “Fare thee well.”

On all the hopes of vanish'd years,
 I cannot, must not, dare to dwell ;
 On months of bitterness and tears—
 Be they forgotten—“Fare thee well.”

Farewell ! farewell ! oh, I would blend
 The grief, the love, the hopes, the care,
 That daily on my heart attend,
 In that one word of earnest prayer.

Farewell ! I may not, cannot trace
What waves along thy path shall swell,
But still where'er thy dwelling-place,
My prayer shall reach thee, "Fare thee well."

Farewell ! farewell ! there is a friend,
Who loveth more than words can tell ;
To Him thy journey I commend, •
His mercy on thee, "Fare thee well."

And oh, when ransomed souls shall meet,
The wonders of that love to tell,
And cast their crowns before His feet,
Then may we join once more ! "Farewell !"

EXTRACT
FROM THE
FUNERAL SERMON
PREACHED AT
CHRIST CHURCH, WARMINSTER,
On February 11th, 1855,
BY THE
REV. J. O. W. HAWEIS.

"LIGHT SOWN FOR THE RIGHTEOUS."—PSALM xcvii. 11.

One has just been taken from among us whose character was a remarkable evidence that faith and love, zeal, and, emphatically, gladness—all the highest evidences of close communion with our Lord—exist in our own day as truly as ever when women followed Him, and ministered to Him of their substance in his earthly pilgrimage. She is gone from among you ; and you probably know her worth as well as I can tell it you. Some "have entertained angels un-awares," but you have not been unconscious of her presence. It was her dying wish—"Do not let me be praised ;" but how can I fulfil it, when her life—quiet, unobtrusive, retiring, as it always was—has from her infancy upward been an epistle known and read of all men ? While she was with us she wore "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Never

would we intrude a word upon it. Now she is gone where our thanksgiving that we have at least known something of her worth cannot disquiet her.

I believe it is from such epistles as these—rare as they are, and written on the sands of life, where the next tide blots out the record—that those who are privileged to read them will learn lessons of wisdom which can nowhere else be found. When the Evangelists were instructed to preserve the history of our Lord's three last years, and a scanty notice of his first, leaving about twenty years of a life that only reached thirty-three entirely unrecorded, there was doubtless deep wisdom in the omission. It seemed to say, do not look to any one model of daily and common life as the most perfect example of close communion with God. The carpenter's trade is not more holy than another. You may imitate your Lord just as well, in whatever your own hand findeth to do. You may pass quite unnoticed through a life that shall have the most illustrious issue, and the best blessing shall always be prepared for those who have used the talents God has given them, worked in the business he has set them to, and stayed most happily where He has placed them. It is from these wherever, whenever we can find them, that we must fill up all of the Christian life which is unrecorded in our Lord's ; and in this sense she who has passed from among us was among "virgins which did prophesy."

I believe, from infancy upward, she was eminently a happy Christian—one for whom joy and light were constantly sown and always springing up. No one knew her who does not remember her radiant smile, ever ready to express its thanksgiving for the smallest pleasure, and not forsaking her throughout her short sickness up to the last. In the midst of laughter the heart is sometimes sad, but with her it was not so : she was at peace with God, “accepted in the Beloved,” much in communion with Him in meditation and prayer, and able to trust in Him, love Him, and rejoice in Him. Is there any one here who has learned to look on religion as a mere system of restraints, refusing us pleasure, restraining the emotions of joy—something essentially sombre and *serious*, not in the sense of overwhelmingly important, but grave and sad? This sweet epistle was written in other language, and told in a thousand varied phases the truth contained in the Psalmist’s words, that “light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.”

Again, if we imagine the life of our blessed Lord during his twenty unrecorded years, I suppose we should be apt to think of Him as always brooding over the work that he was to accomplish in the fulness of time, and that the toil with which he earned his daily bread would have been rendered doubly irksome by the contemplation of his baptism in blood, and his straitening until it should be ac-

complished. It may have been so ; and, if so, there is an important reason why it has been withheld from us, for assuredly such is not the healthy evidence of a full faith in Him and love to Him in his disciples. Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come. And if the Captain of our salvation, made perfect through suffering, spent all his earlier years under a special pressure, it may be that in love and pity its record was suppressed, and the type of youthful holiness left for disciples to set forth. But it may have been otherwise. Our Lord may have rejoiced in his humble labours, and entered with a depth of delight best imagined by the philosopher and the sage into all the beauty of his Divine creation, when first poured upon his human eye. Perhaps such a life as that which has just been removed may contain some memorials suggesting that this last is the more probable conjecture. She was no Gibeonite in a land of promise—no “hewer of wood and drawer of water.” Her occupations were varied, her attainments remarkable, her scholarship elegant, her talents great. But every accession of knowledge, every new acquirement, opened to her fresh avenues of worship, and raised her pleasures from those of a child to the joys of one who, retaining the freshness of childhood’s heart, intellectually “has put away childish things.” Thus we believe that the beloved of God may walk forth in God’s world as

in a garden where his goodness and his beauty are registered in every flower. The more he understands the more he enjoys. For "the path of the just is a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Again, she loved retirement : she was much alone, read much, thought deeply, proved and examined her own self, and found in privacy and devotion a joy the stranger intermeddleth not with. It is a blessed thing when the brilliant and beautiful, whom all admire, rejoice to enter into their chamber and shut their doors about them. There, friends cannot mislead by their partial estimates, and the Holy Scriptures tell their message undisturbed. We must die alone. Happy are we if we have learned to live alone, and found in solitude such communion with God that He shall be no stranger when we are called to meet Him face to face. It is much when the land our feet have trodden shall be our inheritance. Surely in these hours of seclusion, a peace, not as the world giveth, often visits the beloved of the Lord, and the light sown for the righteous springs up unto present gladness and eternal life.

But though she loved and courted solitude, she did not shun society. Admirably she fulfilled every duty of a daughter and a sister, always seeking the pleasures of others, always careless of her own. Self-denying so habitually, that a careless eye would fail to trace the perpetually recurring accident

that seemed to fulfil another's wishes, and make it seem that she sacrificed nothing. But her pleasure—her favourite pleasure many here know well. It was visiting and relieving the sick, specially those whom she could own as living members of the household of faith. It was gathering the lambs of Christ's fold, and leading them gently to living waters. Never was one who could better speak a word in season—more gentle, more fearless, more able to make herself remembered for ever by a word—and better loved than remembered.

And now we have drawn some lineaments of one, young and beautiful, of fine intellect and attainments, strong in principle, ardent in love, and walking with God as two that are agreed from infancy. Was the taint of sin upon her? Was she, too, one who could come without any self-delusion to her Lord and say, with full purpose of heart, "God be merciful to me a sinner?" None of those who had watched her nearest had ever seen any workings of evil manifested in word or deed. Was she one who from her dedication to God in infancy had been kept free from spot or wrinkle, or any such thing? Brethren, let us know for our consolation that this was not her estimate of herself. She could convict herself where none who had watched her from infancy could convict her. Her trust was in the Saviour of sinners, and on her calm and happy and unruffled deathbed she dwelt on his words who

said, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

Once more. She was admired and beloved, beautiful and useful, healthy and happy. The world was all before her, with more than common promise of a bright future. But she sickened and she wished to die. The things which were gain to her, counted she loss for Christ. Her affections were strong for those near and dear to her, but she did not seem to realize death as a separation. She talked with interest of things in prospect for those about her, as if she should share their future pleasures in this world; but now that the last hour was full in view, she had seen and felt too much of the coming glory not to wish for a speedy entrance among saints in light. Happy and even smiling, still she desired to be dissolved, and enter into the joy of her Lord. One thought overruled without absorbing all others. A few days and she was not, for God took her.

Brethren, such a departure is not one that enables us to say, "Take warning." Who would not welcome death in such a form at midnight, at morning, or at cockerow? But there must be many here who were strongly on the heart of that dying saint, whom she spoke of, thought of—and she spake of or sent a farewell message to almost every one she knew—when her own spirit was on

the wing. There are those who have listened to her words week after week, and watched her example. Shall it be all in vain? Shall you ever live as if the heavens had been closed against her prayers for you, and you had never seen her blessed pattern? Shall all evaporate like the morning cloud and like the early dew? Remember, religion is something no one can do for us; and if we have only served God under the influence of some fellow-creature, we shall find how hollow that service has been as soon as we are left alone. Turn then to "the friend that sticketh closer than a brother;" trust more simply and earnestly on Christ alone; let the loss of one whose influence for good was so strong on many who were just advancing into the more perilous passages of life, lead them to increased prayer and watchfulness. And as she blessed you by her words, and her presence, and her prayers, if the loss of her enables you to go to her Redeemer and say with fuller purpose of heart, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee," she shall bless you in her departure too.





